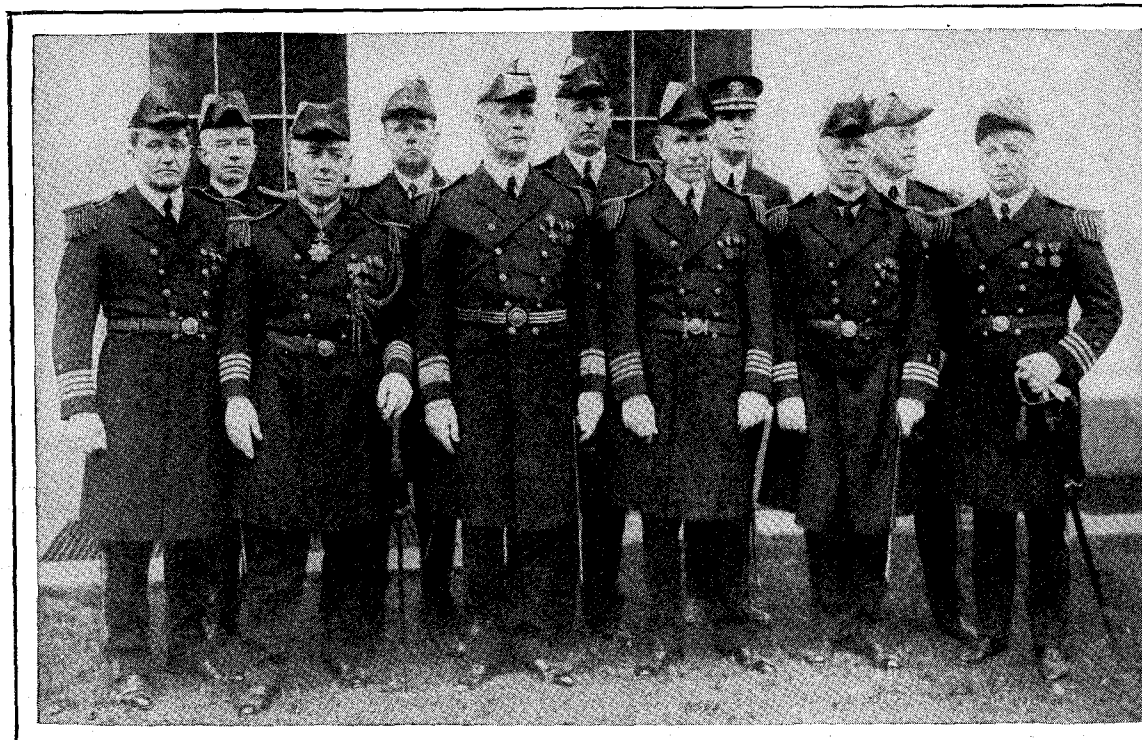


The Outlook

DECEMBER 20, 1922



P. & A. Photos

THE AMERICAN NAVAL MISSION TO BRAZIL

THE United States Naval Mission to Brazil sailed December 9, on the Pan-American of the Munson Line. This mission is the first of its kind ever sent out by this country. It consists of sixteen naval officers and nineteen petty officers of our Navy. It is headed by Rear-Admiral Vogelgesang, Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The sending of this mission to Brazil has considerable political significance and should help our relations with Brazil and Pan-Americanism. The French Government sent a military mission of French army officers to Brazil some time ago. There has been considerable interest in naval circles throughout the world to see what country Brazil would invite to send a naval mission to assist in reorganizing the Brazilian navy.

It is significant that Brazil chose to invite America to send this mission. The officers in the mission are men who have specialized in naval strategy, the operation of submarines, destroyers, mine-laying, naval engineering, the gunnery of battleships; with an experienced aviator, a doctor, and a paymaster. The nineteen enlisted men are all the very best mechanics of our Navy and include torpedo men, radio men, engineers, turret captains, gunners' mates, machinists, aviation mechanics—in fact, skilled men

able to deal with any mechanical problem in the fleet. Our Secretary of State and the Brazilian Ambassador in Washington signed a formal agreement covering a period of four years as the life of the mission.

A Washington correspondent of The Outlook states that Brazil claims that her military expenditures to-day are forty-five per cent less than they were in 1913; that she was not able during the war to do anything to strengthen her Navy and that costs during the first few years after the war were prohibitive; so that her Navy is not sufficient even for the proper defense of her long coast-line, large area, and population. She has but two modern battleships. Brazil's delegate at the meeting of the Disarmament Commission in Geneva several months ago opposed the plan proposed for international limitation, on the ground that it would never permit Brazil to build a navy yard (she has none at present) and that it would give her insufficient national defense.

NEWS MAHAN WOULD ENJOY

THE Navy Department has announced that the Atlantic and the Pacific fleets are to be united under a single commander. This announcement should mean much to the American people.

It is essential that our fleet, now that the race in battleship construction has

been practically eliminated, should even more than ever be maintained at the highest level of efficiency. With the fleet divided and under separate commands, this ideal was impossible of attainment.

A fleet is something more than an aggregation of ships. It must function in peace time as a unit if it is to be effective in times of National crisis. Its leader must not only know the vessels under his command, but must also know the personalities and the mental attitudes of his captains. They, in turn, must be familiar with the method by which their chief approaches the problems before him.

Under Secretary Daniels all this advantage was thrown away by the adoption of a policy of division which the naval history of every nation has shown to be fallacious. The new order not only means increased naval efficiency, but it also assures the American people that politics will not govern the disposition of their first line of defense.

A FAMOUS COLLEGE OARSMAN

FIFTY years ago next summer Robert J. Cook, familiarly known to several generations of college oarsmen as Bob Cook, set himself deliberately and almost stolidly a double task. One was to pull Yale out of the slough of defeat; the other was to better the style and form of American amateur rowing. As a

THE NAVAL COMMISSION APPOINTED TO CONFER WITH THE BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT

Front row, left to right: Captain L. M. Overstreet, Captain Thomas E. Kearney, Rear-Admiral Vogelgesang, head of the Commission; Captain J. J. Cheatham, Commander V. S. Rossiter, Commander A. W. Fitch. Back row, left to right: Commodore D. G. Ellyson, Commodore A. T. Beauregard, Lieutenant J. D. Pennington, Commodore R. S. Holmes, Lieutenant P. S. Carrol. An article by Captain Overstreet entitled "Naval Strategy as Affected by Aircraft and Battleships" will be published in an early issue of The Outlook

freshman he had literally forced himself into the 'varsity boat by strength and persistence—a member of one of the crews he later trained, Mr. R. D. Paine, tells in a book of reminiscence a queer story of the efforts of the upper-class crew members to bluff off the freshman farm boy, and of his success through sheer might of muscle and readiness to fight at the drop of a hat. That year (1872) Yale, on the Connecticut River, came in last of a long string of boats with Amherst Agricultural College at their head. Cook, elected captain after that defeat, knew that the fault was largely in the stroke, for a stronger set of men than that crew is rarely seen.

Inquiry led Cook to believe that Oxford was the best place to study rowing scientifically. He quietly said, "I am going to England," got President Porter's permission to drop back a class (from 1875 to 1876), and borrowed moderate funds (some \$300, it is said) from those who had faith in his idea—and some undergraduates had faith enough to pawn their overcoats to help "quixotic Cook," as others called him.

The next year Yale led in the race, the "English stroke" was acclaimed, and the fast "donkey-engine" short stroke that took the heart out of a heavy man, whereas the long sweeping stroke utilized his strength to the utmost, became a thing of the past. There have been, and are, varying theories about what the "English stroke" originally was and as to how far it furnished the model for present-day rowing science. Cook always said that he believed in a combination of English and American rowing ideas. At all events, as interpreted by Bob Cook, the new stroke was a surprising advance on former practice, and it is historically true that he started a new era of college rowing. The crews he coached did not always win, but his work as coach for twenty years or so was a big asset to his college. He was, we believe, the first amateur trainer and coach of a college crew.

Bob Cook's recent death has revived many stories of his early days. One is that when he got to Oxford he at first was accorded scant attention. However, the story goes, some one did invite him to a crew supper one evening, and while there he was asked if he could wrestle. "He replied that he could—a little—and forthwith he threw every oarsman in the room. After that Oxford was his, and all its rowing secrets were revealed to him." As a matter of fact, much of his knowledge was gained from a long course of instruction from Saltus, the Oxford boatman and famous builder of shells.

Cook certainly will be remembered as a good oarsman, good coach, and good sportsman.

TRYING FOR A COMPROMISE AT LAUSANNE

RECENT sessions of the Lausanne Conference have developed a more reasonable attitude than prevailed at first. The Turks have shown no disposition to insist on the extreme demands made nominally in their behalf, but really for selfish national motives, by the Russians. A great point was gained when it was essentially agreed by all the Powers except Russia that the Dardanelles Straits should be unfortified by Turkey and open to warships for passage under conditions and agreements to be reached after discussion. An international commission may supervise the operation of such a plan. It is obvious that the whole case rests upon these conditions yet to be agreed upon. Russia, for instance, as we write, is reported to say that she would never sign an agreement which should allow each nation as many warships east of the Dardanelles as are possessed by the greatest maritime Power of the Black Sea—that is, Russia. So, too, if Turkey, as is proposed, is at liberty to fortify the coast everywhere except on the Straits themselves, and to do this without reference to the extent of the fortification, it might be that the theoretical opening of the Straits would be a farce in case of war.

The inclination to compromise shown by the Turks followed, and very possibly was influenced by, the representations of the head of the American group of observers, Ambassador Child. His statement was not as clear as it might have been, but it opposed fortification of the Straits and was willing to admit of restriction as to the use of the Straits by war-vessels. It is quite probable that an agreement will be made that will limit the size and number of war-vessels in such a way as to satisfy Russia's angry opposition to anything comparable to British control of the Black Sea, and at the same time to make it possible for the navies of the Great Powers to prevent serious trouble in the Near East.

The question of deportation of non-Turkish people in Asia Minor and Constantinople and that of the continuance or non-continuance of the extraterritorial privileges heretofore accorded to non-Turkish peoples have both been put aside during the important discussion on the Straits. Turkey probably will be open to reason on these subjects, although she has interjected an ill-timed intimation that she will not allow Christians or Jews to marry or be divorced in Turkey, or to own land there—all of which sounds as if she meant that she would have no courts in Turkey except her own, which are notoriously unfair to all outside interests or rights.

An interesting letter from Lausanne,

written by Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin, of The Outlook's staff, will be found elsewhere in this issue.

THE EVACUATION OF TSINGTAU

AS already reported in The Outlook (for example, in the article on "What Japan Is Leaving," in the issue for November 29), the date for Japan's evacuation of Tsingtau in the Chinese Province of Shantung was set for December 2. But December 2 came and went, and the Japanese remained. So much suspicion has been aroused by the Japanese occupation of that former German leasehold in China that this apparent breach of a pledge might naturally have aroused an outcry if the explanation had not been at once forthcoming. This was, in brief, that the Chinese had requested the Japanese to postpone their departure.

The reason for this was the danger threatened by Chinese bandits. In anticipation of the removal of the Japanese authorities, these bandits appeared with the prospect of easy looting. In dread of what might happen, many inhabitants of the city made preparations for flight. It is reported that trains out of the city were crowded with refugees. The Chinese officials were unprepared to give the city proper protection, and asked the Japanese to remain on guard.

The Chinese Government at Peking thereupon acted in a characteristic Chinese fashion. Instead of assuring proper police protection to the city, it paid over one hundred thousand dollars to the bandits to refrain from violence. Moreover, it is reported from Peking that a thousand of the bandits have been incorporated in the Tsingtau police force. So everything is arranged most happily.

According to a despatch from Tsingtau, the Chinese flag was raised over the Administration Building there on December 10 for the first time in twenty-four years.

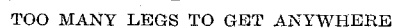
Japan has shown her good faith.

IRISH AGAINST IRISH

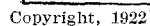
NOTHING could be more deplorable than the hateful and tragic struggle that is going on between the Irish who uphold the Free State and the Irish who are permitting all sorts of lawless acts in the name of an ideal republic. So far as form is concerned, the Free State is now established. Its Constitution has been accepted by the Irish Provisional Parliament and by the British Parliament. Timothy M. Healy, a tried and true Irish patriot, has been appointed Governor-General, and this is said to be the first time that a Governor-General for a Dominion has not been a titled Englishman. The Free State Government is organized and in most respects is working satisfactorily. Yet

(King Richard, Act I, Scene 3)

Darling in the Kansas City Star



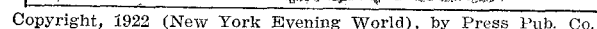
From Mrs. E. M. Goddard, Newark, N. J.



THE EXTRA SESSION

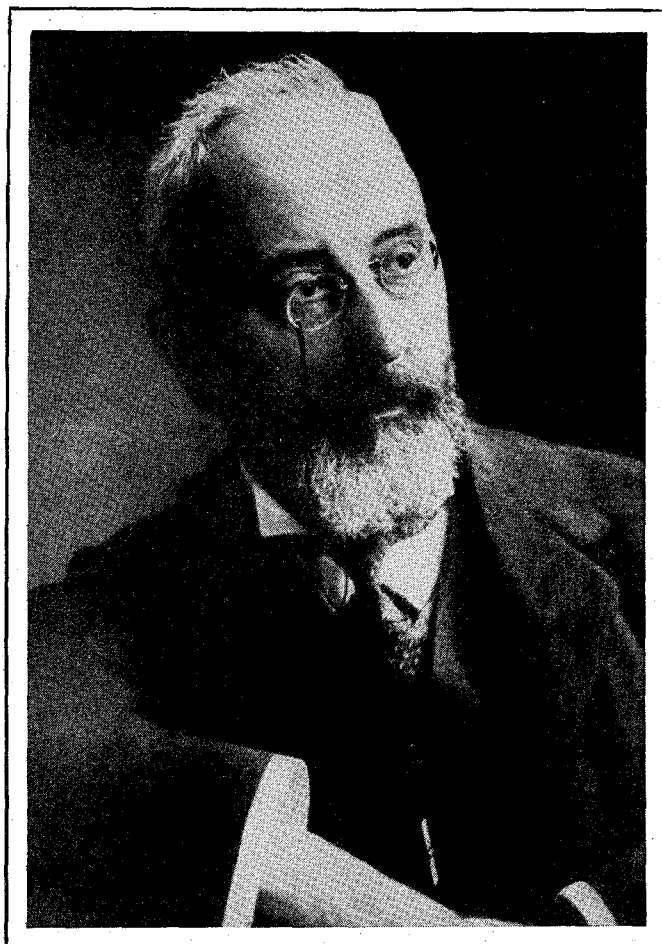
From L. Richardson, Sedalia, Missouri

Cassel in the New York Evening World



OUR FOREIGN POLICY!

From Henry Harrison, Brooklyn, N. Y.



International

TIMOTHY HEALY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE IRISH FREE STATE

there is an inter-Irish, irregular, bloody combat going on, with assassination on one side and retaliation on the other. No wonder that Ulster now refuses to join the Irish Free State.

The policy of retaliation was not successful when it was half recognized by the British Government in the "black and tan" troubles; it remains to be seen whether it will work as between two factions of Irish people. The argument for it is that nine-tenths, as some say, of Irish voters are in favor of the Free State; that the small remainder do not fight in the open as in war, but kill and destroy where there is no resistance; that the only way of dealing with them is through implacable measures. On the other hand, many deprecate the official announcement that whenever political assassinations occur the Free State authorities will execute prisoners who have been found guilty of carrying arms contrary to law, and that these executions will be through courts martial. The execution of four fairly well known rebel leaders which followed the execution of Childers was of this nature. It certainly would be less repellent to humane sentiment if the men executed under the reprisal order were those who had been found guilty of some definite

act, such as plotting assassination or committing specific outrages. The executions were followed by various acts of violence, and it is still doubtful whether the new policy will help or hinder the establishment of the Free State.

The Irish Senators are generally men of recognized ability and moderation. The names include those of Sir Horace Plunkett, William Butler Yeats, George Russell, Lord Mayo, and Lord Dunraven. These and others of their colleagues certainly fill the condition of the new Constitution that the Senators should be "citizens who have done honor to the nation by reason of useful public service, or who because of special qualifications or attainments represent important aspects of the nation's life." There are to be sixty Senators, with a term of twelve years.

THE STATE OF AGRICULTURE

THERE is no Government report which is of greater importance than that of the Secretary of Agriculture. Secretary Wallace, one of the ablest men in the President's Cabinet, has in this year's report of his Department placed graphically before the country the condition of American farms.

For the past three years farmers, com-

prising one-third of the population, have labored under a serious disadvantage as compared with other groups of workers because of the disproportionate relationship of prices. Secretary Wallace says:

Certainly no other industry could have taken the losses agriculture has taken and maintain production, and we have no evidence to show that any other group of workers would have taken the reduction in wages in the spirit in which the farmers have taken their reduction. Many thousands of farmers have not been able to weather the storm, notwithstanding their strenuous efforts. Thousands who purchased land during the period of high prices have been obliged to give up the struggle, let their land go back, lose all the money they paid for it, and start anew. Many thousands of renters who had substantial savings invested in farm equipment and live stock have gone through the same experience and have lost everything.

Apparently the Secretary believes that the turn in the road has been reached. He continues:

It is fair to say that in general the farmers of the United States are in a better position financially now than they were a year or eighteen months ago. Farm products are selling at considerably higher prices, and it is estimated the aggregate value of the crops in the country this year is about \$1,250,000,000 more than last year.

Another reason for rejoicing he finds in the willingness of those engaged in industry, commerce, and finance to bring about a more favorable adjustment for the farmer:

Such people are coming to realize more and more the menace to themselves in conditions so unfavorable to agriculture as those of the past three years. Their attitude towards the farmer has changed from that of a benevolent paternalism such as was so much in evidence during the ten years preceding the war. They now understand more clearly that their own future is inseparably linked up with the farmer, and that in doing what they can to help him get on his feet again they are helping themselves as well.

Rightly the Secretary says that agriculture cannot be placed upon the exact basis of which manufacturing is capable, but he believes that much can be done to improve present conditions.

It will never be possible for the farmers to relate their production to profitable demand with the nicety of the manufacturer, both because they cannot control the elements which influence production and cannot estimate demand so closely. Neither will the farmers ever be able to organize, as have the labor unions, and by rules and regulations and disciplinary measures compel obedience to policies adopted. They can, however, bring about a better adjustment of production, and especially of marketing, to the needs and purchasing ability of

THE FEDERAL FACT-FINDING COAL COMMISSION

The Commission, composed of seven members including former Vice-President Marshall, will make a thorough investigation of the bituminous and anthracite industries with a view to the prevention of strikes. In the picture, left to right, around the table, are: Judge Samuel Anschuler, of Aurora, Illinois; George Otis Smith, of Washington, D. C.; Thomas R. Marshall, of Indianapolis, Indiana; John Hays Hammond, of Washington, D. C.; Charles P. Neill, of Washington, D. C.; Clark Howell, of Atlanta, Georgia



(C) Harris & Ewing

possible customers if they will perfect their organizations and call to their aid men skilled in interpreting conditions which influence supply and demand. Better adjustment of farm production is worth striving for. Both the farmers and the consuming public would be benefited through more stable production, and therefore more stable prices.

Secretary Wallace brings to his present office the background of lifelong experience with farms and farm conditions. His words are worth listening to.

A STATE TAX ON COAL

THE United States Supreme Court's ruling that Pennsylvania is entitled to tax her output of hard coal fastens a burden upon the class of consumer least able to bear it—the household. For, while the State will collect this ad valorem tax of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent from the producer, the latter will of course collect it indirectly from the consumer. Thus to successive wage boosts at the mine, which in turn increase the retail price of this necessity, is added a tax which is expected to bring the Keystone State a revenue of at least \$7,500,000 a year.

In reaching its decision the Supreme Court was concerned only with the legal aspect of the case; whether such a tax was fair to some twenty other hard-coal-consuming States did not enter into the question. The Court merely ruled that any State can impose a tax upon its products before they are put into interstate commerce, even though other States are large consumers of such prod-

ucts and do not produce them. So Pennsylvania lays the coal tax at the mouth of the mine, before it actually starts on its road to other States, and compels the people of these States to pay a special tax to help support Pennsylvania. And the higher the price of coal, the greater will be Pennsylvania's pecuniary benefit.

At present the tax is 15 cents on every \$10 ton of coal. But there is nothing in the Federal Constitution that would prevent Pennsylvania from increasing the tax to any amount she pleases. There is, however, the Pennsylvania user of domestic-size anthracite to consider, for upon him as well as upon the outsider the coal tax falls. Were it not for the fact that the voter of Pennsylvania has it in his power to rise up and smite the Legislature which passed the law should an exorbitant tax be levied, the danger of an increase in the tax might be very real, for most of the anthracite mined in Pennsylvania is burned in other States.

Pennsylvania can impose this tax without a qualm, because Pennsylvania has no competitor in the production of hard coal. Her monopoly, in fact, is more complete than that of any other State over any widely used commodity. Having such a monopoly, it can legally place a tax on the residents of other States by forcing the tax into the price the consumer must pay or go without warmth.

Since Pennsylvania is permitted to levy a tax against her sister States on a household necessity in which she has

a practical monopoly, other States may follow her example. In fact, Minnesota already taxes her output of iron ore. The possibilities in this direction are not to be disregarded.

Another dangerous possibility in the instance of Pennsylvania is that the coal operators may be permitted to fix prices and the union official the wages of miners without fear of competition. There is no practicable substitute for anthracite at this time, although the high price of the commodity and the uncertainty of its supply because of strikes have caused many consumers to seek substitutes, such as oil and soft coal. But anthracite is still considered a household necessity in some twenty States.

COAL SHORTAGE AND COAL SUBSTITUTES

Six months ago a well-informed correspondent of The Outlook said in an article in this journal, "The people of the United States are facing a certain shortage of anthracite coal next winter." He based his belief on the fact that during the two months of strike that had then elapsed the shortage in hard-coal mining was such that it would be difficult to catch up with it. For months following the strike continued, and when it ceased there was a shortage of millions of tons of anthracite.

The people who use hard coal have for the most part taken the situation philosophically, have not shown signs of desperate alarm, and are doing their best to cope with the situation. Not

much gain has been made toward wiping out the shortage of coal. The United States official figures of production show this. It is evident that where substitutes can be used for hard coal or economy can reduce the amount of fuel used it is every one's duty to act in accordance with the pressure of the situation. Federal and State authorities have published careful and practical suggestions in this direction, and such an article was published in *The Outlook* for November 22. Soft coal of good quality, coke, and smaller sizes of anthracite than are usually regarded as desirable for furnaces may, with care, be used to advantage in this crisis.

Meanwhile the Coal Commission appointed by President Harding, commonly called the Fact-Finding Commission, is, no doubt, studying the situation carefully. We hope that it has its agents directly on the field and that it is not depending solely on printed statistics and the evidence of experts, whether union experts or operators' experts. This is the kind of situation that is best met by original investigation through skilled and reliable personal representatives.

Assuredly, the public which uses hard coal is entitled to know whether coal owners, union miners, coal-carrying railways, and distributors are all doing their best. For instance, we hope that there will be a thorough and drastic inquiry into a statement credited by the New York "Tribune" to Mr. C. J. Golden, President of District No. 9, of the United Mine Workers of America, one of the three districts in the anthracite region. Mr. Golden, according to the "Tribune," charges that the order by New York's State Coal Administrator to use for domestic purposes some of the so-called "steam size" of anthracite "will serve only to give added profit to the coal operators, who are flooding the market with the steam sizes because of the much larger profit which the sale of these grades nets them."

Mr. Golden, according to this article, asserts that "hundreds of miners who could be at work producing freshly mined domestic sizes are walking the streets without work," while at the same time the coal producers have "loaded thousands of cars with coal from the culm banks for which they knew there was no demand."

This is a very serious charge. It amounts to saying that the mining companies are deliberately refusing to do their best to get the proper sizes of domestic anthracite coal to consumers and are abusing the situation to force the sale of undesirable sizes.

The article states that Mr. Golden is to go before the Fact-Finding Commis-

sion some time in January. Certainly the Commission should lose no time in putting such a charge to the test. If it is a partisan lie, it should be exposed; if it has any truth in it, the truth should be known.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S ADVICE TO CONGRESS

A READING of President Harding's Message, which was delivered in Congress on December 8, leaves upon the mind of any one but an extreme partisan an impression of a personality rather than a policy. This is not of itself the sign of any defect. On the contrary, at a time like this, when there is evidently much unrest and confusion of mind in the people, it may be actually a virtue in the Presidential Message that there should be no appearance of an attempt to formulate for the people any policy that could be termed definitely radical or conservative. And yet the Message does not give the impression of a series of unrelated, much less of inconsistent, recommendations. There is a unity in the Message which is supplied by the personality behind it. Some of the recommendations are obviously acceptable to men considered progressive; some are in line with measures advocated by men who class themselves as radical; some of the recommendations are plainly dictated by considerations which appeal to men who are regarded as conservative. From the Message it would be hard to gather evidence that the President himself belonged to any group. The path which the President has marked out for himself seems to cut across various domains; but all the while one is impressed by the fact that the man who is following that path is a man of good will, of experience, of open mind, of conviction without excess of emotion and without obtrusive prejudices. So far as it expresses a political philosophy, the Message is that of one who apparently has taken advice from many sources and has come to his conclusions by the process of weighing in each case the counsel that he has received and accepting that which, in his judgment, turns the balance on the side of common sense and practical wisdom.

The political effect of such a Message is in some respects like that of one which might be drawn up with the design of enlisting the most varied kind of support and of dividing the opposition. How, for instance, is it conceivable that the so-called radical group can be mobilized enthusiastically in opposition to

the President because of his recommendations concerning railway labor legislation when that same group find that the President is strongly in favor of some of the things that they want, such as the extension of credits to the farmer and the adoption of a Constitutional amendment permitting a Federal child labor law? There is no indication, however, that the Message was drawn up with any such design. There is, on the contrary, every indication that it is the expression of the President's mature judgment upon the subjects with which he deals. Its spirit is such as to make any criticism of it which is purely factional or partisan seem unworthy. The Constitution provides that the President "shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." President Harding's Message makes the impression that he has been guided, not by political design, but by his judgment of what is necessary and expedient in making his recommendations.

AN OUTLINE OF THE MESSAGE

For the severest problems of government President Harding finds a single cause. It is, to use his own phrase, the "readjustment of the social and economic order" after the World War. More specifically, he finds it to be the attitude of individuals toward this readjustment—the fact that every one, to put it broadly, wants war-time compensation with pre-war expenditures, seeking readjustment for everybody except himself.

If the President could convince, not Congress, but the great majority of his fellow-countrymen of this, he would probably save Congress from a good deal of its legislative task. It is obviously impossible for the President to do this directly; but if this very simple idea (which probably is one of the ideas which called forth from a Congressional critic of the Message the scornful comment, "Latitude, longitude, platitudes") could be made the subject of editorials, and sermons, and conversations the country over for the next few months we imagine that the whole people would be saved from many of the difficulties that are ahead of them.

The President does not expect a restoration of the old order; he does not think that any one regards it as desirable; but he believes that humanity needs to be committed to "the tranquil ways of peace." In this he is not thinking primarily of international relations, but rather chiefly of the social, financial, and economic problems at home; for, as he says, "every nation must be able to carry

on for itself, else its international relationship will have scant importance."

As an example of the desire for war compensation with pre-war costs he cites the coal and railway strikes. Both of these he condemns as unjustifiable, and he holds both labor and the "heedless forces of reaction" accountable.

By the railway strike the distress of the American farmer was increased. That distress was, however, evident before the strike. So far as it was due to what the President calls "precipitate deflation" it was somewhat relieved by Congressional acts. The President believes that the Farm Loan Bureau should have its powers enlarged and that there should be created in the Federal Land Bank a division to deal with productive credits with special reference to credits for the production of live stock. In addition he urges measures for better and cheaper transportation. To avoid paralysis the President finds it easy to believe that the transportation of the country needs "complete reorganization on some new basis." Incidentally he urges a closer connection between the rail lines and the sea carriers, the utilization of our inland waterways, and the use of the motor truck, not as a competitor, but a feeder and distributor in conjunction with the railway. In securing lower costs of transportation on staple products the five per cent horizontal reduction in rates proved, the President said, futile. What the President desired last summer and proposed informally was a heavier reduction on basic commodities such as farm products and coal, leaving the other commodities untouched. The President opposes Government operation because "it was Government operation which brought us to the very order of things against which we now rebel, and we are still liquidating the costs of that supreme folly." Economies must be made out of the margin left over from the fifty to sixty per cent of railway earnings which go into wages. There should be more intercarrier co-operation, with mergers of lines into systems, interchange of freight cars, economic use of terminals, and consolidation of facilities. The President thinks well of the proposal to provide a central agency under the jurisdiction of the Inter-State Commerce Commission as a means of financing equipment. So much for the material side of the transportation question.

But there is a human side. The Railroad Labor Board showed a lack of power to deal with the subject. The President praises the attempt of Congress in establishing that Board, and declares that some such agency must be a guaranty against even the threat of discontinued service. He recognizes the

right of men to labor or to cease to labor as they choose; but he asserts the right of the Government, which safeguards the men's interests while they work, to insist upon their not leaving work under conditions that destroy the service of the railway itself. This view of the President has been interpreted as the advocacy of a law prohibiting strikes. This is not a statement on the part of the President; it is an inference from what he says. All he asserts is the right of the people to adopt measures to prevent strikes. He distinctly says he wishes he could bring a precise recommendation to that end, but he does not make any recommendation specifically on that point. He believes that such a tribunal as is needed should be, not one composed partly of partisans, who represent managers and wage-earners, respectively, but one wholly impartial. He goes further than this, for he thinks the Railroad Labor Board should be abolished and in its place there should be a labor division in the Inter-State Commerce Commission to decide disputes relating to wages and working conditions. It ought to be relieved of hearing minor disputes which should be left to negotiation.

Evidently in answer to criticism, though not specifically mentioning any, the President refers to the flexibility of the recently adopted Tariff Law as a means not only of safeguarding American interests but of keeping open "the paths of such liberal exchanges as do not endanger our own productivity." Internationally he wants our voice to be heard, but as "that of good counsel, not of dictation."

The President thinks it is important to meet the "recrudescence of hyphenated Americanism," and "to make the alien respect our institutions while he accepts our hospitality;" but he thinks it still more important that all in the United States respect and abide by the Nation's laws. In particular, he refers to the widespread disregard of prohibition, deplors its political effects, and urges rigorous and literal enforcement. If the prohibition statute is contrary to deliberate public opinion, which the President does not believe, the enforcement of it will direct public attention to the requisite change in the law. Since both Federal and State Governments are charged with enforcement, the President purposes to invite the Governors of States and Territories to a conference with the Federal executive authority.

For the regulation of the alien he urges the speedy passage of the Alien Registration Bill and a measure for providing examination of aliens abroad. Especially for the education of the im-

migrant he believes in co-operation of the National authority with the States.

The President urges the adoption of two Constitutional amendments—one enabling Congress to legislate against the evils of child labor, the other to provide for the restriction of the issues of tax-exempt securities.

After touching upon reclamation and irrigation, upon the fuel problem, which is now under study by a Fact Finding Commission, upon the question of prices, upon the super-power programme drawn up as a result of a recent survey, and upon the plan for drafting all the resources of the Republic in case of war, the President closes with a brief reference to international relations. Again expressing hostility to any "super-government" or "armed alliance," he makes a reference to the treaty between the United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan which provides for consultation in case of any dispute arising concerning the islands of the Pacific. Of this he says:

The Four-Power Pact, which abolishes every probability of war on the Pacific, has brought new confidence in a maintained peace, and I can well believe it might be made a model for like assurances wherever in the world any common interests are concerned.

This has been regarded as the most significant statement in the whole Message. We do not think it is necessarily an announcement of any plan for a similar treaty dealing with European questions or questions concerning the Atlantic area. The President hoped, as he plainly stated at the time, that out of the Washington Conference might come other conferences based on the same principle, and as a consequence of the treaties there made other treaties might later be drafted in the same spirit. Whether this statement in the Message is anything more than a reiteration of that wish we do not know; but, even if it is only that, it is significant as an indication that the American Government believes that treaty has already proved its value.

THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECT

It is impossible for us to discuss all the President's recommendations here. With the purpose of them all we find ourselves in general agreement. On the most controversial subject in the whole Message, the prevention of strikes on such public utilities as the railways, the President has spoken with courage, for he must have known that it would arouse the antagonism of leaders of organized labor; but he spoke not as a representative of any group in the Nation, but as the representative of the

whole people. And his position on the subject is impregnable. No group has the moral right or ought to have the power to cripple the transportation of the country. Whether, lacking that right but trying to exercise the power, any group should be restrained by law or should be brought to a better mind by persuasion is, after all, not a question of principle but a question of means. We are of the opinion that the greatest progress toward the prevention of such strikes is by means which will bring managers and men together about a common table and to a common understanding. If in the meantime, for those who are obstinate and recalcitrant, a law making a strike on a railway a criminal conspiracy is necessary, the people have the right to enact such a law. We doubt, however, whether such a law would prove of any great avail toward a permanent solution. We expect much more from what has already proved the more efficacious—such an organization of men and managers as has been in operation on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

With the other recommendations of the President we expect to deal as they come up for action in Congress.

CAN A POET MAKE A LIVING?

WE are gratified to discover that this important question has been answered with enthusiastic affirmation by a writer in a magazine called "The Poet and Philosopher," which drifted into The Outlook office not long since. The issue in which this answer appears is some months old, but the question and answer are eternally pertinent.

Rightly enough, the author of this important document says that the question of a living is of the greatest moment to the poet. There have been three answers, we learn, to this question. The first is that the poet will not receive reward enough to pay for his postage stamps. The second is contained in the rosy-colored picture painted by literary sharks and teachers of the trade of literature. And the third is the more modest and intermediate answer which the author himself puts forth.

He is a very cautious soul, this writer; he is frank enough to say that it will take the poetic apprentice three or four years of unremitting application before he can expect much remuneration from his efforts. In this period before the future poet bursts from his chrysalis the writer recommends stenography, printing, reporting, teaching, proof-reading, or photography as a means of sus-

tenance. Trades like that of "the butcher, the baker, and the grocer" are to be avoided "as getting away from that atmosphere of imagination and refinement in which the poetic art most flourishes." It is a pity that Mr. Masefield did not know of this before he missed his chance of success by serving as a bartender in New York. We feel, too, that there is something to be said for the trades of butchers and bakers and grocers, despite the fact that they lack the atmosphere of imagination. A surreptitious chop, a loaf of bread, or a pound of chocolate borrowed on occasion might be used as an offset to the air of materialism surrounding such trades.

The period of preparation is divided conveniently into three sections—"the first year the poet will devote all his energy to making himself a master of the art of poetry, . . . the two following years he will be solicitous mainly in making his name known." We suspect that this latter period is too short. We have seen poets solicitous over this important item long beyond the period of two years. Some of them have been more solicitous over this than over the quality of their workmanship.

The schedule for the poet during this period requires him to have one hundred poems published in some fifty magazines and newspapers and printed gratis if pay is not forthcoming. The fourth year is consumed in the preparation of a volume of poems, and full details are given as to the size of page, print, length and number of poems. One hundred pages, or 80,000 ems, is the allowance for the achievement of at least pecuniary sufficiency. This book is to sell at a profit of \$200 for the first year's sale and \$50 for each succeeding year. As a new volume of poems is thereafter to be printed each year, of course the total will soon mount to a living income. The proposition is even simpler than the minds of those readers who accept it as a gospel of success.

One thing we neglected to note. It is the subject matter of those poems upon which the poet is to mount the ladder of success. He is advised to "sing of the deeds of great men, of the deeds that they have accomplished, of their hills, dales, valleys and streams." Apparently, however, one must be careful of one's choice of great men, their hills and dales and what grows upon them. Elsewhere in this same issue of "The Poet and Philosopher" we find a sonnet submitted to the editor of this magazine in a prize contest. The poem received only a second prize, largely, it seems, because it was addressed to Luther Burbank. The explanation follows:

Luther Burbank is an American, and, in his field of Horticulture, justly

celebrated, still the cultivation of potatoes, which first brought him fame, places him rather in the ranks of commonplace personages; and poetry always eschews the commonplace. Cultivating potatoes, and vegetables, even though subsequently he turned his genius to the rose, is not a topic that is going to spur Pagasus [sic] to the top of Mount Parnassus.

Theocritus and Virgil please take note.

ADOPTING A VILLAGE

IN her account of "Christmas at Hattonchâtel," printed elsewhere in this issue, Miss Skinner keeps herself modestly in the background. From her story it would be impossible to derive any idea of the part that she has taken in the resurrection of that ancient and picturesque French village. The story which she tells would not have been possible except for the work that she has done.

That work started while this town in the St. Mihiel sector was still occupied by the Germans. Miss Skinner was then within the French lines. She saw the little town through a field-glass, and then and there adopted it.

At that time there was little left of it but the hill, for the village had been under bombardment for four years and a French officer told her that the Germans would probably blow that up when they left it. "Then," replied Miss Skinner, "I will rebuild what is left of it."

In the meantime she made arrangements with the French Government for finding and caring for the scattered population and for putting into proper institutions at her expense all the little children and old people until the Germans were driven out and rebuilding could begin.

As Miss Skinner has herself explained, France rebuilds her own villages and expects to refund all that has been spent by her friends in actual rebuilding. "But," adds Miss Skinner, "there are 'luxuries' that France cannot afford." Among these luxuries is a public *lavoir*. This is something that Miss Skinner has supplied, and now, instead of carrying the family wash down the six-hundred-foot hill to the little pool in the plain and up again, the women of the village can do their washing in an inclosed Gothic *lavoir* with running water at the top of the hill. There is also in the town now a dispensary. In the fields are a threshing-machine and a reaper. There are cattle and poultry and rabbits. And men and women whose homes were there are taking heart again.

Hattonchâtel is not the only village

which Miss Skinner has helped to bring back to life. At the request of the French, she has become the president of an American branch of the French committee for the liberated villages, and has been speaking and writing to Americans in behalf of the adoption of French villages, not in order to put American-made villages in their place, but to re-

build ruined French villages in the French way.

Miss Skinner is a graduate of Vassar and President of her class; and the story of what she has done is recounted in a little pamphlet which was written for the information of her classmates. She was born into an atmosphere of service, for her father devoted much of his time

and of his means for the community in which he lived—Holyoke, Massachusetts. It is true that Miss Skinner had means which she could devote to this purpose; but it is herself that has counted rather than anything that she had.

This is a story of what one American woman has done and what other Americans can help to do.

NEWBERRY'S SUCCESSOR

A STUDY OF SENATOR COUZENS

INTERVIEWED FOR THE OUTLOOK

BY RICHARD BARRY

TRUMAN NEWBERRY, ex-Senator from Michigan, has, I have been told, about three or four million dollars, only. His successor, James Couzens, late Mayor of Detroit, received in 1915 from Henry Ford a single payment of thirty million dollars for the outright sale of his stock in the Ford company. Before he received that sum he had as much money as Newberry or more. Compared to the former Senator from Michigan, the present one is a vastly richer citizen.

Yet the arrival of the two men in the United States Senate strikes exactly opposite reactions from the public. The election of Newberry through a use of money which was widely deemed improper created a scandal which cost some of his friends their political lives and eventually forced him to resign. The appointment of Couzens (into which the question of his money does not enter) is greeted with a chorus of approval from both press and public men. Henry Ford, from whom he parted in anger seven years ago, says he is the best choice that could be made. His Democratic colleague, Ferris, the first Democratic Senator ever elected from Michigan, says he is the best man the Republicans in that State have. From the dominant party there is no publicly voiced dissent.

No man could begin his career in the upper house at Washington more auspiciously than does Senator Couzens, and yet there is that millstone of thirty-odd millions around his neck. How did he do it?

To answer that question and to suggest to the readers of The Outlook what may be expected from Couzens in his new environment I recently spent part of an afternoon with the new Senator, and found him vividly frank and copiously willing to assist in an articulation of his energy and purpose in public life.

For several days the reporters had been striving to secure from him expressions of opinion on moot subjects likely to engage the attention of the Senate in the near future—on ship subsidy, on

prohibition, on farm credits, on railway legislation, and so on.

"I told them all," he said as we disposed first of this momentary phase of his mental attitude, "that I am refusing to commit myself on National problems until I get to Washington and have a chance to study them. I am frank to say that I don't feel certain enough of my opinion on any of these subjects to commit myself now. I am open to conviction. When the proper time comes, I will decide."

"Many are assuming, however," I objected, "that, as Governor Groesbeck appointed you to heal a sore occasioned by a so-called reactionary, and especially because of your record as the most conspicuous champion in the country of municipal ownership, that shortly you will become classified as a progressive."

"I don't want to be classified at all," was the sharp rejoinder, spoken like an executive of big business across his desk, and little like any brand of politician to whom the interviewer is accustomed. "I am not begging the issue when I say I don't know what progressivism is."

"You are familiar with the history of American politics for the past ten to twenty years?"

"Yes—and no. I have never belonged to any political organization; have never taken any active interest in National politics, have never written or spoken a word on any National issue. It may have been a mistake to appoint a man like me to the Senate. I don't know. We will see."

He said this with impersonal naïveté the sincerity of which could hardly be questioned. In fact, the whole impression taken from him was that here is a mentality of simple strength and lucid candor long accustomed to deal in materialisms, only newly adjusted to the humanities, but eager to transfer his physical yardstick to impalpable problems, and unhesitant in his certainty of the outcome.

"But when you reach Washington," I insisted, "you will immediately confront

a practical question which will require an immediate answer. The progressive bloc is organizing for tactical legislative procedure in the new Congress. Whether you desire to or not, you shortly will be compelled to declare yourself for or against it. Can't you tell me now where you will stand when that time comes?"

"No, I can't, because I don't know myself. If this bloc you call progressive is for something I believe in, then I'll be with them, but I'll not commit myself to any group for all its programme. I may be with the farm bloc on some things, but not necessarily on all things. By this I don't mean that I have figured out just how much I am with them, for I haven't. This goes for the standpatters, too. I'm likely to be with them in some things. The standpatters are not always wrong."

Which seemed to the writer in the nature of an epigram, but, as with many good epigrams, its author was unconscious of the creation of a *mot*.

"There is one National problem on which you can hardly fail to have a very important opinion," I continued; "that is concerning the railways. You are an imposing authority on city transportation. What, then, do you think of National transportation? For instance, as you are thoroughly committed to municipal ownership, do you extend that belief to include Government ownership?"

"No." The answer was decisive and inclusive as he elucidated. "The two things are radically different. The car lines of a city are a simple problem, comparatively. I mean they are a single unit, comprehensible in the view of all the citizens of the municipality. It is right, in fact inevitable, that the community should own and operate them, for then at all times it can have control of the officers and methods of operation."

"With National transportation a new element is injected. The people directly and vitally concerned cannot at all times or at any time have supervision and control. That is why I am against Government ownership of the railways. I



P. & A. Photos

JAMES COUZENS, THE NEW SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN, WITH HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, READING THE TELEGRAM FROM GOVERNOR GROESBECK OFFERING HIM THE SENATORSHIP

don't believe in absentee landlordism. Government operation has to be managed at a distance, presumably from Washington, by men who do not come in direct contact with the people and the problems they affect. Besides, it was tried and failed."

For the moment we dropped the subject there, but later we came back to it, and then it appeared that the opinions of the new Senator, on this subject at least, might be open to change. It was after he had told me of the many failures of the city of Detroit, over a period of twenty-five years, to secure municipal ownership, including the failure of several of his own early plans, that I referred to the alleged failure of Government operation of the railways during the war, and asked him if he did not see some new way in which to overcome the objections to Government ownership to be read by practical men in the lesson of experience.

"I think Government ownership is quite likely to become a fact," Couzens continued, "and I don't know that I'll oppose it; but there will have to be some change from the late war-time operation to remove it from the danger of bureaucracy. Perhaps regional opera-

tion may be this solution. Cut the country up into zones, and make each rule itself with local men, local methods. Then you might avoid absentee control, absentee ownership. The evils of either will kill any enterprise."

"Pursuing this line of thought," said I, "we come naturally to the question of ship subsidy. Ships are but an extension of land transportation. What about 'Government aid' there, to use the words of President Harding?"

"Can't say. Haven't thought of it—haven't studied it."

"You'll have to vote on it."

"There's time enough for that after I get to Washington."

Which recalled a remark Kitchener made to me in his Calcutta office many years ago in describing why he preferred American engineers to all others. "European engineers," said K., "may be more carefully trained and more certain of procedure, but I found in the Sudan that when other engineers refused to go ahead because they saw no way of operation the American was willing to start in with a whistle and then build a locomotive up to that."

Senator Couzens is starting in, as I came to the conclusion, with only a

Senatorial whistle, but quite confident that he can build a locomotive under and to fit it.

Aside from the journalistic interest inhering in Couzens just now, due to his succession to the dethroned Newberry, and the collateral question (already tentatively answered) of how far he may try to carry his theories of public ownership of public utilities, another National development or trend of development is imperatively suggested. I refer to the entrance of the big business man into the realm of practical politics, not indirectly, but as an actual executive. Mr. Couzens is a conspicuous exception to the rule that our captains of industry avoid political office. Therefore I asked him what it is that prevents business men, as a rule, from seeking or accepting political office.

"Very few of them are fitted for it at all," he replied, without the slightest hesitation, "and there is one fundamental reason which is very clear. Of course I mean men at the top, men who have made good in commerce and industry on their own, men who have had the responsibility of directing large enterprises. Men like this have become accustomed to dealing with things as things. A dollar means just a hundred cents, no more, no less. Machines mean just so much, no more, no less. Inevitably and automatically they reduce the value of men, and without ever meaning to be inhumane or inconsiderate, to one common denominator. What is worse for them if they ever get into politics, as business men, if successful in a large way—nobody ever talks back to them. They give orders, and the orders are obeyed. That is all there is to it.

"In politics you reverse this process. You take orders, and you take orders from the people, and it is pretty hard for a man who has all his life given orders and who has been taught by every one with whom he came in contact that his orders are just, and that even if unjust they have to be executed without delay or criticism; it is pretty hard for that type of man to begin all over again. He has to, or he can't succeed in politics.

"Take my own case, if you will. I don't mind telling you exactly how it has been with me. Until 1915 my whole life was concerned exclusively with business. For a long time before that Henry Ford and I had divided the responsibility of the Ford Motor Company. He had charge of manufacture; I had charge of finance, purchase, and sales. My sway in my department was the same as his in his. If he wanted to put five wheels on the Ford car, I was not consulted. If I wanted to buy ten million tires or open a branch in South Africa, I did not consult him. When he built his new factory, his office was placed in the end near the power house, mine in the end near the bank. In my department I was the Ford Company, and I never had occasion to brook interference or criticism. This went on

without one single word of inharmony between us, until one day during the war he took occasion to countermand one of my orders concerning material going into the paper he published. A quarrel resulted that lasted no more than thirty seconds, and that is the only time I ever had the slightest misunderstanding with Henry Ford. I resigned instantly, and sold out to him shortly after.

"What was I to do? Still young, barely fifty, in perfect health, with more money than I knew what to do with, my taste for business suddenly seemed satisfied. I might have founded another motor company, but that didn't appeal to me. While in this frame of mind I was appointed Police Commissioner without the slightest idea of what it might mean. Then for three years I fought thugs, prostitutes, and the press. At least I began by fighting the press. I kept that up until I learned that the thing to do is to ignore it.

"A public man is a fool if he tries to control the newspapers, and he is a bigger fool if he is controlled by them. Those first years I was very deeply hurt by things printed about me. I knew they were unjust. I was giving my time and the best of my ability to the city of Detroit, and so far as I could see was receiving only public misrepresentation. But I thought it over, and came to the conclusion that, while the experience was new for me and hurt, still nearly all public men who did their duty had to endure about the same sort of stuff. A man can't set himself up as a target if he don't want to be hit.

"I was kidded into standing for Mayor. Some of my friends said I was so unpopular I couldn't be elected dog-catcher. Indeed, it did look that way. But I was elected Mayor, and then came the practical proposition: Was I to float through that job, or was I to set myself at it the same way I had set myself at being Henry Ford's partner?

"Nobody could answer that except myself, the same as nobody could ask it except myself. Now, I have been called all sorts of things. I have been called a Socialist and I have been called crazy. But I am certainly not a Socialist and I leave you to judge as to whether or not I am crazy. I had no theories at all about municipal ownership when I first went into office. In fact, I had never given the subject any thought.

"But Detroit needed new railways and she needed to have the old ones better run. It was the biggest problem we faced. I said to myself: 'I am Mayor of all the people, so I am going to try to find out what they really want, and then I consider it is my job to discover the most economical way to give it to them.' Same mental operation I would have used at the Ford factory in contracting for a year's supply of rubber or steel. The only difference was that, instead of dealing with a single man who never questioned my judgment, I was dealing with a million people whose

ideas on the subject were open to prejudice by innumerable journalistic and other attacks.

"However, it was clear to me that the people of Detroit wanted municipal ownership. They had been trying ineffectually and half-heartedly to get it for twenty-five years. It was simply a question of having some one point the way. Somebody had to make it a practical business proposition. That seemed to be my job. The logic was so plain that I couldn't possibly have escaped it. If I remained Mayor, I had to do that or stultify my conscience.

"Yet, don't think it was easy. The people turned down proposition after proposition I put up to them. That didn't discourage me. It only made me conclude that I hadn't found the right way. Finally I got the railways to agree to a court appraisal of the existing property. This came to thirty-one and a half millions. I thought it was three or four millions too much, but, as a business man, I had learned that it is sometimes well to pay a little more than a thing is worth if you have to have it. So I recommended the purchase at the appraised figure. Again the people turned me down. Then I said to them: 'You have been crying for municipal ownership all these years, and yet you turn down every practical proposition I put up to you. Now it's time for you to put up or shut up. Give me fifteen millions, and I'll build some lines of our own.' They did, and then the fun commenced. By the time I was building a mile a day the privately owned lines capitulated and were ready to sell at any price. Finally the city bought them in for nineteen and a half millions.

"Perhaps that experience did me good. The people weren't so far wrong, after all. As a business man I'd have paid twelve millions more for those lines than we were obliged to pay for them, although I must say that the twelve millions was not clear gain, for we wasted some money building our own lines.

"The seven years has taught me that in politics it is give and take. You don't get the quick results you do in business, but in the long run they are just as, or even more, satisfactory. Moreover, a man cannot hold political office without expecting to have his every act subject to criticism and repeal. I don't mind saying it's a hard lesson for a successful man to learn."

The writer had heard two rumors concerning the motive prompting Governor Groesbeck in the appointment of Couzens to the Michigan Senatorship. One was that he had been selected as the best man to block the political aspirations of Henry Ford. Another was that the amalgamated traction interests of the country had engineered the appointment so as to remove Couzens from his (to them) dangerously successful sphere of influence in the operation of the municipally owned street railways of Detroit. The new Senator was frank in

discussing both, neither of which he credited.

"I don't see how I can block Henry Ford's political aspirations," he said. "I can never be a candidate for the Presidency, for I was born in Canada. Besides, I am confident that, if the Democratic party does not nominate Mr. Ford, he will run independently in the next campaign. He cannot see that a man must have a career in politics, just as in business. A man cannot start at the top in one any more than in the other. Mr. Ford would be the last one in the world to expect that any one should begin his business career at the head of a company, say, like his own. Yet he thinks he can begin in politics as President of the United States. If I had been appointed Senator straight from the Ford office, it would have been a foolish political blunder. I doubt if I would have been considered at all if I had not been first Police Commissioner and then Mayor of Detroit."

"Do you think the Governor was influenced, even unconsciously, by the traction interests who want you out of the Mayoralty?"

"No; but, even if so, it does not make much difference. The justness of the principle of municipal ownership is not dependent on the retention in office of any one man, or any two, or any three men. And my leaving the Mayoralty will not affect the operation of the street railways of Detroit. Municipal ownership is established there for all time to come.

"It will spread to other cities, too. I am satisfied that the people of all large cities want to own their own street railways. It is simply a question of finding out how to do it. I also believe in the municipal ownership of other public utilities, but only where that ownership can exercise an immediate supervision.

"Some people confuse this idea with that of Socialism, with which it has little in common. At lunch to-day a high official of one of the New York gas companies, who was ridiculing my ideas, said to me, 'How would you like it if some one proposed that the Government should take over the operation of the Ford company?'

"'What shallow thinking!' I replied; 'the Ford company has no monopoly unless it be one self-created by superior skill and energy and organization in a field naturally open to all. I am for the widest possible freedom of opportunity in any such class of enterprise.

"'But when you come to street railways or gas or electric or telephone companies, there is no field for competition. There is an inherent monopoly in the nature of the business itself, and the people not only have a right to own and operate it, but it is a duty they owe themselves, and one which is absolutely certain to be observed universally sooner or later.'

"My gas company friend then asked me if I didn't think private companies

secured more 'efficiency' than public ones. 'Suppose I please you by saying, "Yes" (which isn't always justified), what difference does that make?' I said. 'I'll answer the question with another: Is your home always run in the highest degree of efficiency? I'll venture to

say no. Moreover, you wouldn't allow any outsider to come and install an "efficiency" system in your home. It's your home, and it's run to please you and that's enough. The city's streets and the public utilities of a city are its "home," and the people want to run it

themselves; they want to say how it shall be run and what it costs to run it; and if there is any profit they want the benefit of it, just the same as they ought to be willing to stand for any expense that is necessary to get satisfactory service."

THE TURCO-BOLSHEVIST MENACE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN



(C) Keystone

ISMET PASHA, TURKISH REPRESENTATIVE
AT LAUSANNE

HERE at Lausanne, in 1912, Turkey signed a peace treaty.

Here at Lausanne, in 1922, Turkey now proposes to sign another peace treaty.

What a difference the decade has made! What a totally different and startling difference! Then the Turk, vanquished in the Tripolitan War with Italy, gave up to her the Turkish North African possessions, and humbly too. But quickly, later, the Turk was to become yet humbler, for the Balkan League, formed by the genius of Venizelos, expelled him from all his European possessions save the Constantinople district.

The Turk was to become still humbler because the World War stripped him of that district and of Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine. The Turk had been called a Sick Man before. He was indeed a Sick Man now.

Nevertheless here he is back again in Lausanne, not sick at all but very well, very brash—in fact, better and more of a going concern than he has been for at least two hundred years.

His resurrection has been due to three things:

(1) The culpable negligence of the Entente Powers.

(2) The quick-wittedness of the Bolshevik.

(3) The new direction given to the Young Turk movement by Mustapha Kemal and his associates and, in particular, by their recent victory over the Greeks and expulsion of them from Asia Minor.

In 1919, the year after the World War, had the Powers spent less time in framing a League of Nations and more time in quickly concluding peace treaties with Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, we should not have had to wait until the summer of 1920 before the particular treaty with Turkey was signed. That time lost was precious time gained for the Kemalists and Bolsheviks. It gave to the Kemalists a chance to grow strong enough to resist ratification by the Turkish Parliament in Constantinople and to denounce the whole treaty by means of the new Parliament set up at Angora. It gave to the Bolsheviks just the opportunity desired of spreading their propaganda throughout the Orient by the use of Kemalist Turkey as a propagandist. They took successful advantage of this opportunity. Had the Entente Powers used ordinary prevision and had they been united, they might have prevented some of the mischief which arose between the close of the war and the present day.

Two years ago a Turco-Bolshevist treaty was signed by which Russian resources were placed at Turkey's disposal. From that time on millions of dollars' worth of rubles have come to Turkey from Russia. Arms and ammunition have come too; the Turkish troops today, it is said, are to a large extent armed with British and French rifles, originally sent to Denikin and Wrangel and captured from them by the Bolsheviks. Greece has been defeated by Turkey in war, therefore, not only by the undoubted military skill and bravery of the Ottoman troops, but also because of Bolshevik Russia's material support.

This support would have been serious enough were the Turk still a Sick Man. But a leader had arisen in Islam. He knew how to build a real civil and military government. Perhaps no single



(C) Underwood

AMBASSADOR CHILD, AMERICA'S
REPRESENTATIVE AT LAUSANNE

individual is to-day more significant of the mighty change which has occurred in Turkey than is Mustapha Kemal.

To make a long story short, the result is that the Turk comes to Lausanne not only a well man but, what is far more menacing, with the Bolshevik behind him.

Together they appear here ostensibly for peace, and many naïve negotiators of peace, meeting them, have seemed, during this first week of the Lausanne Conference, to have taken them at their face value, not at their real value.

What the Turks and the Bolsheviks are after is, not peace, but war. Under all these supposed arrangements for peace they would like to do something to involve the Powers in conflict, no matter what solemn promises may be signed.

We have but to note the history of the past two or three weeks to be sure of this. The Turk, for instance, entirely disregarding the recently signed Mudania agreement, has demanded immediate possession of Constantinople and immediate abolition of the Capitulations (the long-recognized rights of foreigners to enjoy the independence of their own

courts). And the Bolshevik, by the mouth of Vorowsky here, the other day demanded Turkish control of the Straits and added: "We oppose turning them over to the League of Nations, because it is an organization of *bourgeois* states from which we cannot get a fair deal." Doubtless Vorowsky was thinking of the special treaty between Angora and Moscow of January 5, 1922, by which the fifth article bound the two Powers to decide only after mutual agreement their policy as regards the Straits. Thus Bolshevism can prevent Kemalism from accepting terms at Lausanne which it does not approve.

Both Turk and Bolshevik, be assured, look beyond the Straits. They are thinking of the Balkans as well. Do you suppose that the Turk is satisfied with merely getting back into Europe and enjoying his old boundaries? Not he. Flushed with recent victory, he dreams of a still farther advance.

The Bolshevik, by supporting the

Turk, also dreams of a Bolshevikist foothold in the Balkans.

Will this meet with opposition from the western Powers? Yes. Opposition talk, surely, and here at Lausanne aplenty. But how about deeds instead of words? How about force, war? There, too, the Turk and the Bolshevik are ready for you. They see a possible western armed opposition—but they also see an eastern front made up of Turks, Russians, and Germans. They are not forgetful of Germany's longing for revenge. We would then see just how many soldiers and how much ammunition Germany has been secretly training and preparing during these recent years.

The Lausanne Conference has completed its first week. Thus far it has considered matters like a plebiscite for Western Thrace, or like giving Bulgaria a neutralized avenue to the Aegean Sea (our Government's announcement on a well-selected day of an open-door policy being of greater potential importance),

and has thus far but touched the fringe of the first of the four real matters in hand—the boundaries of Turkey-in-Europe, the freedom of the Straits, the Capitulations, and the protection of the Christian minorities in the Turkish Empire. From what I can ascertain here, these matters are to be presented by a diplomatic and really quite united Entente front.

Suppose they are. And suppose the Turk actually signs a fairly reasonable treaty of peace. Would it be worth the paper it is written on? Will the Turk, especially with the Bolshevik behind him, hesitate to break his promise as immediately and as cynically as he did the Mudania agreement?

The Lausanne Conference will be worth while, not because of the Lausanne treaty, but because of the impression it makes upon the Turk and the Bolshevik that under the velvet glove of peace lies the iron hand of force.

Lausanne, Switzerland, Nov. 27, 1922.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A TRIP TO EUROPE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY BARON S. A. KORFF

A TRIP to Europe in these days is no longer an unmixed pleasure. Not so much on account of physical discomforts, for traveling arrangements have been much improved lately. One does not lose trunks or miss sleeping-cars as easily as two or three years ago. Even visas, those curses of war time, are obtainable without much difficulty, though invariably with endless delays. It is the moral side of the picture that is so depressing for travelers from America; the prevailing suffering, the social and economic disorder reigning everywhere in Europe, the moral degradation, the hopeless absence of improvements, the dejection of so many people in so many countries—it is such things which create the striking contrast with the quiet and well-being in the United States. The discouraging aspect of this situation is the overwhelming evidence that there is worse still to come, that all Europe is far from being freed of her troubles and perhaps will be for a very long while.

Conditions in England I found were much worse than I had expected. England is living through a very severe crisis, both economically and socially. There is ample evidence that an economic storm is hanging over the country. The burden of taxation has reached a point which is fairly crushing some of the middle classes; although the Government has somewhat reduced the per cent (from 30 it has gone down to 25), the taxes are still exceptionally heavy.

Unemployment is the most conspicuous feature of the situation. Young men, single and in groups, walk the streets of provincial towns and patiently wait to

pick up a penny here and there. Begging was always conspicuous in London; now it is increased tenfold. Men, sometimes in military uniform, cripples and war veterans, sing and beg on all corners of the London streets, or play cheap instruments, standing or crouching on the sidewalks.

Socially there has developed in England a dangerous crisis, too. It is the necessary consequence of the war. Some time must pass before the nation can adapt itself to new conditions. Some of the former middle classes are bound to disappear, having been crushed and ground down by modern conditions. New ones are growing up, crystallizing rapidly, replacing the old ones. This naturally causes pain to the nation and accounts for much of England's present-day trouble. Only her sound finance can save England from an economic breakdown. The banking system (the City) is still healthy, helping to pull through this crisis.

In France, by the way, just the opposite has happened. While the country is sound economically and is steadily building itself up and growing in strength, the finances are in a disastrous condition and at the mercy of most unscrupulous elements, creating that unsympathetic impression abroad, and in particular in America, that French conditions are not satisfactory. France is not out of danger yet, but if one compares the situation with that of England, one can easily see the advantages France has over England. Perhaps just here we have the main reason of the disastrous opposition existing between these two countries.

Whatever one thinks of their respec-

tive grievances, when one travels in Europe at the present day one can easily see and feel everywhere that just this unfortunate opposition of France and England is at the root of all Europe's modern troubles. There will not be, and there cannot be, any peace in Europe while this lasts. This applies to every European question; to the Near East and Turkey, to the German reparations and monarchical threats, to Russia and the Balkans, and finally even to the League of Nations. The latter will certainly remain impotent and without significance or authority as long as these two great Powers are at odds. Without exaggeration, one can say that this strange antagonism is a dangerous threat to the peace of the world.

Both sides are impatient of each other in a like degree. The French papers are full of vilifying attacks on English statesmen. Last summer Lloyd George was their special target. The English heartily reciprocate and flirt with the Germans to spite the French. To an outsider there seems very little to choose between the two. And, naturally, many evil elements make capital out of this fatal quarrel; the Turk is saved by it, the Bolshevik is strengthened, the German monarchists become hopeful of vengeance and of escaping the reparations.

On the other hand, Germany seems much better off than could be expected. At least the countryside lives quite contentedly, producing the minimum necessary for each family. The Government, however well intentioned, is exceedingly weak and has no ways of pressing out of the population the surplus that it needs for reparations. Outwardly there

exists a visible improvement in the conditions of the people. Some shrewd observers have pointed that out lately; for example, the well-known English correspondent, Mr. Robert C. Long (in the November number of the "Fortnightly Review") tries to explain this fact by a willful and systematic *Puff* on the part of the Germans and by showing that the German taxes, though apparently overwhelming, really do not overwhelm, and that there exists still a wide margin for the further fall of the mark compared, for instance, with Russia.

In the cities of Germany, and especially in the larger ones, of course there is much misery. As in England, some of the middle classes are being ground down and ruined by present conditions; pensioners, professors, teachers, old men and women, living on modest incomes, are terribly hurt by these conditions, and in particular by the continuing fall of the value of the mark. But in the country, in agricultural Germany, all this is hardly felt, and an outsider gets the impression that only one thing keeps Germany from flourishing—namely, the fact that France prevents this by "sitting on the lid."

It is no longer the question of reparations that bothers the French, nor the hope of getting money, products, or services out of Germany. It is, rather, this possible regeneration and rapid improvement of their eastern competitors. True, the improvement or regeneration has not yet started, but all is ready as soon as the pressure of France disappears. And one may be quite sure that the developments in such a case will be startling. Foreseeing this, France holds Germany down, endeavoring to build up, meanwhile, her own shattered strength and to prepare herself very carefully for the inevitable moment when she will finally have to face free competition with a restored Germany. Thus the question of reparations seems to be for the moment mere camouflage for much more serious considerations. France will hold down the lid as long as she possibly can.

England knows it, too, and is very much alarmed at the gradual increase of French strength. Here we have probably the main reason for English opposition to modern France. It is an old and well-established principle of English policy to prevent by alliances or *ententes* with the weaker ones any single Continental Power from becoming predominant. This is why England was against Napoleon; why she systematically opposed the expansion of the Russian Empire; why she went into the disastrous Crimean War against Czar Nicholas I, whom she dreaded; why she fought Germany in the recent war; and why, finally, she is at present against France—because the latter country is gaining tremendously in economic strength and in political influence on the Continent of Europe. This is why England coddles Germany and why the English Government tries systematically to keep Russia weak and under Bolsh-

evik administration, whereas France speculates on a stronger Russia, in order to get back as much as possible of her capital sunk in Russian enterprises.

These strange political paradoxes and contradictions can be summed up as follows: France wants Germany to remain weak as long as possible, while she herself builds up her economic resources and political influences, and hopes for a stronger Russia, which could repay in the future the French debt; whereas England prefers to see Russia weak and impotent, to be able to exploit freely the Russian markets, and does not mind nor fear a recuperating Germany, and in some cases is even ready to co-operate with the Germans in order to secure eastern European markets, which she needs so badly.

The Bolsheviks meanwhile make good profit out of this strife between their most dangerous opponents. They are the typical *tertius gaudens*, sitting on the fence and watching France and England blindly destroying the very foundations of the Versailles Peace. Verily, this treaty is built on three main principles, and all three of them are now being diligently destroyed by the former Allies: the treaty rested, first, on the alliance and co-operation of France and England; secondly, on the absence of Russia from the political stage of 1919; and, thirdly, on the presumption of lasting weakness of Germany, vanquished and humiliated. At present we can easily see that the reverse conditions prevail: France and England are busy quarreling and vilifying each other; Russia is unexpectedly coming back, and, in the Turkish question for example, asserting herself in a most surprising manner; and Germany too is showing unmistakable signs that her former weakness had no permanent character at all. No wonder that thoughtful men begin to wonder what will come to Europe when the Versailles pact finally crumbles to pieces.

Then there is the Polish question, too, overhanging eastern Europe that bothers modern statesmen and, not least of all, the French Government, which so recently and so unwisely helped the Poles to develop their dangerous imperialism. Poland is at present faced by great difficulties; she has the second largest army in Europe, she is militaristic, aggressive, very self-complacent, and at the same time economically one of the weakest countries of Europe and in the throes of a great social crisis. Poland with her 30,000,000 is much weaker, for instance, than Czechoslovakia with her 14,000,000 or Yugoslavia with also 14,000,000 inhabitants; Poland is surrounded by potential enemies—130,000,000 Russians on one side and 70,000,000 Germans on the other, and on both frontiers there is much feeling of hostility; Poland has a national and class problem to solve, which seems to be one of the most difficult European problems of our times; she has only shattered economic resources, imports that cannot be balanced

by exports, ruined industries that do not succeed in recuperating, and so forth. In consequence many troubles might develop in this eastern storm center of Europe.

In Scandinavia and Finland, on the contrary, conditions are very different. One can somewhat rest there from the European squabbles. It is one of the very few fortunate corners of Europe, where conditions have become normal and independent of the French, English, or German contest. Scandinavia always was more or less self-sufficient, and Finland is rapidly becoming so. These four peoples—Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Finns—realize very well that all their future happiness depends on such self-sufficiency; all their recent endeavors are concentrated on securing such an independent position. On the whole they succeed very well, perhaps even too well, as in some respects self-sufficiency has led to self-complacency, which is always dangerous and in glaring contradiction with modern ideals of international co-operation.

Of the four, Finland lately has changed most. She has become very markedly independent in her economic position. Of course there always remains hanging over her the "Russian danger;" the Finns feel it very keenly. Nobody can tell yet what the future Russia will be, what surprise the psychology of the awakening Russian nation has in store for the outside world. If it ever develops imperialistic or chauvinistic tendencies, there naturally will arise a tremendous danger for the small border states, Finland among them. It is not imminent, however, and these tiny nations have ample chance of preparing for the event and trying to avoid it. In this respect the best means would seem to be to endeavor to keep the friendship of Russia and carefully to avoid national irritation. Unfortunately, not everything is satisfactory in this respect. Such irritation does not exist on both sides of the Russian frontier; this is bound to increase the dangers of the situation for the smaller nations.

One strange thing strikes the traveler in Scandinavia; namely, the fact that gold is actually at a discount. Nobody seems to want it, invariably preferring paper money; whereas silver is very much sought and valued higher than paper money. Silver is bought by silversmiths for jewel settings and ornaments, while gold is hardly ever used any more. In Copenhagen some banks actually refuse to accept for exchange English sovereigns. Before the war this would not have seemed possible, the sovereign always being considered the most welcome and reliable piece of money. Now it is of no special use to any one; while the American dollar, in bills or coin, is the most popular currency everywhere.

After having seen these European troubles and felt the mutual suspicions, jealousies, and envies everywhere, a traveler returns to the United States as to a haven of peace.



An eighty-five-year-old Jewish rabbi, who came here from a little town in Russia. After the quiet surroundings in which he had spent his life, the New York sky-scrapers filled him with a very great and deep wonder

ELLIS ISLAND THROUGH RUSSIAN EYES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY USA GOMBARG

MISERY is leveling the peoples of the world, and Ellis Island is their meeting-place. Here they weep and exchange stories, here are reached the lowest depths of despair and the most sublime heights of happiness; mistress and servant, rich and poor, they sit side by side as equals, for the only riches of which they can boast is the hope that America will permit them to land. Small wonder that this is the first subject to attract the responsive imagination and prolific pencil of Usa Gombarg, one of the most recent arrivals from—it is hard to say where; since it has taken him almost four years to cover the distance from Petrograd to New York, a journey that should be made in two weeks. But this is the fate of many.

Usa Gombarg spent many years delighting the Russian public by his spirited caricatures of great men and women and great events, adding to these a fine sense of humor, a gentle satire, and sometimes a grim warning. He was a contributor to all the leading publications,

and during the last few years he was the editor of "Art," a magazine published in Petrograd, similar to the "International Studio" in its aims and appearance.

With the Revolution Mr. Gombarg started his wanderings, and Russia lost just another man of talent. He worked his way to Kief, drawing for local publications, and finally reached Warsaw, where his versatile pencil attacked Poland's political troubles with vigor. However, Europe offers few opportunities at present, so Mr. Gombarg continued his westward course—*en route* for the United States. He reached Genoa during the Conference, and his portraits of the participants were featured in the New York "World." He arrived in the United States quite recently.

To Europeans Ellis Island is a mysterious mechanism from which emanate strange decisions, so it is natural that the first subject selected on American soil by Mr. Gombarg was this "Island of Tears." He spent a day there sketching, and, since a steamer from a northern

port had just arrived, his subjects were Jews—Jews from Poland, Jews from the Ukraine—all fleeing from persecution, civil strife, pogroms, and starvation. And while he sketched they told him of their past lives and of their future dreams, always in that dull monotone in which people speak of unspeakable horrors when the horrors have become habitual.

The Jews of the Ukraine and Poland bore the brunt of the war, for one army after another passed through the towns where they had small stores, and there is no doubt that they were victimized. Soldiers do not hesitate to pillage when they need something. With the Revolution in Russia new persecutions started up in the Ukraine and thousands of Jews poured into Poland, where conditions were already unspeakably bad. It is fortunate that relief agencies have been active in taking care of this mass of homeless and disoriented people, for there is no work for them, and their only hope lies in America.

NATALIE DE BOGORV.



The Ghettos of the Ukraine are responsible for thousands of Jews similar to the one Mr. Gombarg picked out. This man's wife was killed during a pogrom and he was stranded in Bessarabia for a whole year, picking up a precarious living, starving most of the time, before he found relatives in the United States to whom he could come



The widow of a wealthy manufacturer from the Ukraine, where he was killed during a pogrom. She lost the sight of one eye. For two years this woman has been tossed about, always living in the hope of reaching a daughter who resided in Chicago. The old woman finally reached the shores of America. But her daughter was dead. And she has been detained for the authorities to decide what disposition to make of her case



A Jew from Belarossia, a province of Russia, where he was a wealthy lumberman. His one great regret, which he voices persistently, is that he was unable to bring to America with him his two fine horses



A Jewish cab and truck driver, wearing the official cap of the izvostchik in Poland. His great ambition is to drive an automobile, and he discusses a car in terms of the stable

TYPES OF RUSSIAN IMMIGRANTS



A Jewish father and mother from Poland, who came here to a son, who himself was nine years old when he came over. They did not recognize the dapper youth of twenty-one in American store clothes who came to claim them



This man was the president of Ukrainian Jewish societies.
What will the United States offer him?



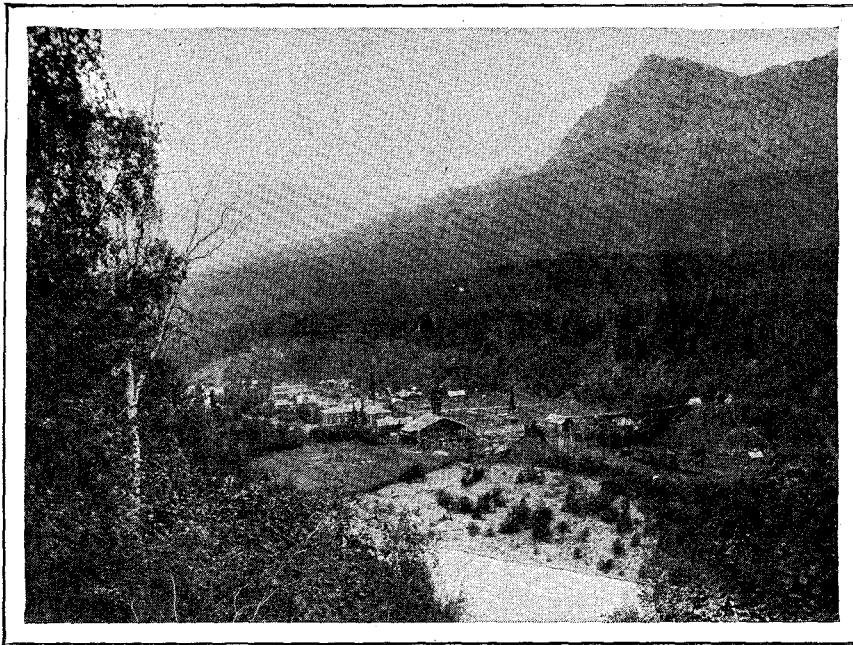
A Jewess from Russia, who arrived here with her daughter and grandson, to join the daughter's husband in this country. At Cherbourg the boy's hand became infected and he was obliged to remain behind. The grandmother fasted during the entire journey, spending her time in prayer for the recovery of the boy and his safe arrival

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY USA GOMBARG

THE HEART OF ALASKA¹

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK



CHICKALOON COAL MINES

TRANSPORTATION being without doubt the greatest necessity of every section of Alaska, we are brought face to face with the building of the Government railway from Seward to Fairbanks—a distance of 467 miles.

Grave doubts have been expressed in some quarters regarding the necessity of constructing this road. Theorists only could offer an objection. It was every bit as necessary as the building of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern to develop the Northwest. It was the business of the Government to build this line—a bounden duty. No private operator could have built it, since ninety-nine per cent of the resources of Alaska are owned by the Government, and are therefore tax free. Without these two strips of steel from the coast to Fairbanks a few years would have witnessed the practical depopulation of the entire Alaskan interior, bounded on the west by the McKinley Range and on the east by the Richardson Trail. In this area is contained a major portion of the agricultural lands, coal districts, placer districts of the Alaskan interior, as well as several very promising lode-mining sections.

It is true beyond a doubt that this railway will not pay operating costs for several years—it may be a generation before a return will be earned on the original investment. Whatever time it takes makes very little difference so far as the principle of the construction is concerned. Beyond all doubt the road is absolutely necessary for Alaskan development.

I believe that the road was constructed in a thoroughly efficient manner. It was built during the high period of wage rates, when materials were at the highest peak. It was constructed with all possible despatch, and the scores of responsible business men I talked with from Seward to Fairbanks voiced unstinted praise for the efficient methods employed in building the line. It is an excellent railway, constructed with seventy-pound steel, and soon will be practically all ballasted. Colonel Frederick Mears, Chairman of the Alaska Engineering Commission, builders of the Government road, is a highly efficient engineer. Although in the Government service, he is not of the red-tape variety. He knows what he wants to do, knows how it should be done, and does it. Colonel Mears had a very efficient staff of assistant officers, including several men who have few equals in their line.

These men were confronted with tremendous obstacles. The work completed is a monument to their genius, and I do not believe that it would have been possible to secure better talent under private management. I have only unstinted praise for the wonderful work accomplished by these men, but I disapprove of the freight rates formerly inaugurated by ex-Secretary Lane—much lower, true, than the Copper River Railroad schedules, lower than the old long-distance river rates; but this road should, in my opinion, be for a few years purely a development project, and there should be no relativity between the rates charged and the expenses of operation. The country will never develop and the road will not pay without population.

The quickest way to *get* population is to offer, at least temporarily, the best possible inducements.

If there was ever need of a protecting subsidy anywhere on earth, it should be given in cheap rates in the Alaskan interior. James J. Hill, in early Great Northern days, established rates to pioneers that were amazingly low. One of his directors assured him that the rates charged would not pay for coal alone. Mr. Hill replied: "We have two strips of steel running through a peopleless empire. If we charge a high freight rate now, the few pioneers along our road will pull up stakes and leave. Our road will only pay when thousands of pioneer settlers improve the land, work out the timber, grow grain, and ship. Settlers mean eventual success; lack of them, failure. If we haul freight for pioneers practically free for a year or so, we will eventually get it back with a high rate of interest, because we will get increased freight every year from that time on. A discouraging freight rate will mean two streaks of rust."

Then he made a statement that, in my opinion, applies to the Alaskan railway. He said: "A railroad traversing a new country should establish a rate that will pay a fair return when the country is practically developed."

Because of this far-sighted policy the Great Northern was the only Western continental railway that never faced a receiver.

I realize the difficult position Colonel Mears occupies in regard to granting development rates. The Alaskan Engineering Commission must go before Congress for new appropriations to complete the construction work and make up deficits in operation. I quite understand the fact that the Commission desire the best balance-sheet possible in demonstrating the earning power of the entire project, knowing, as they do, that Congress is becoming restless regarding Alaskan appropriations. If Congress has any inclination to look askance at appropriations to make the Government railway a success, it is as short-sighted as a logger in Idaho who had \$6,000 worth of cedar poles piled up on skidways two miles from the railway. A buyer contracted to purchase the poles, and the logger asked bids to put a road in to haul the poles out. The lowest bid was \$1,000. The logger threw up his hands and declared he could not afford the outlay. The purchaser was stupefied. "Build the road, man; you spend \$1,000 and get \$6,000. In other words, you get back \$6 for \$1." "That may all be," replied the logger, "but I have the \$1,000 liability *before* I have the \$6,000 asset, and I don't want the liability."

Congress would be as short-sighted as

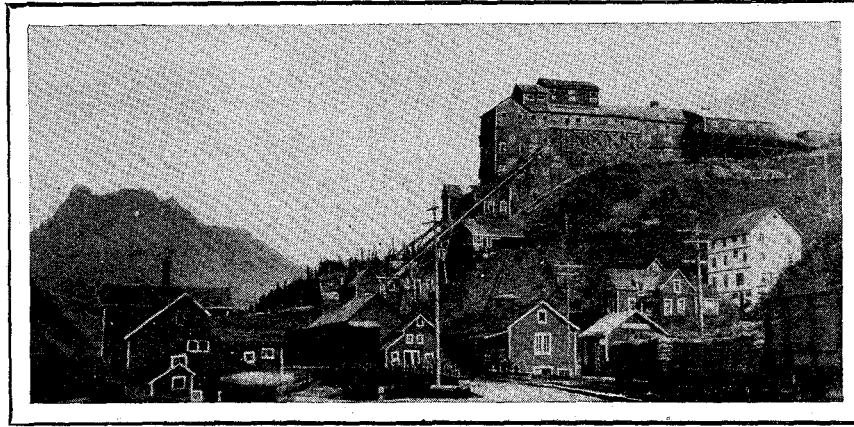
¹Two other articles on Alaska by Sherman Rogers appeared in The Outlook for December 6 and 13, 1922.

the logger if it objected to backing the Alaska railway to the limit.

When wagon roads and trail feeders have been constructed, thoroughly tapping every district adjacent to the Government road, and encouraging rates established, the interior will flourish, the railway will eventually prove a financial success, and its construction will go down in history as the turning-point of Alaskan development.

Pessimistic "foreigners" and some "checakas" going over the road declare that it traverses a barren, impossible country; that it is a white elephant now, and always will be. That is what timid philosophers said about Kansas, Oregon, Washington, and California in the early days. Arguments of this nature are childish groundless. The 467-mile strip of steel from Seward to Fairbanks covers a country with as great possibilities as any like length of road west of the Mississippi in the early days. This road taps the Hope and Sunrise quartz and placer mining districts, where the Hirshey mine is located on Palmer Creek. A mill has been in operation on these claims for some time, and considerable gold has been taken out. Many claims are being prospected in this district and show promise. In the Sunrise district the Canyon Creek group of placer claims are being developed by the construction of a dam for hydraulic mining on a large scale. There are several large placer claims in this district that will be worked extensively when water ditches have been completed.

The Matanuska coal district embraces many thousands of acres containing deposits of high-grade and semi-bituminous coal. Several companies are operating with success, and development work is being carried on. The Chickaloon, Baxter, Evan Jones, Moose Creek, and Eska developments have been the most prominent in this field so far. The



KENECOTT, ALASKA

Chickaloon prospecting has created the most attention. The work on this mine has been carried on by the Navy Department in conjunction with the Department of the Interior for developing high-grade coal deposits for Navy purposes. The coal veins being explored in this development are much smaller than other veins in this district, but are of a much higher grade than Moose Creek, Eska, Evan Jones, and Baxter. As a rule, the coal veins in the entire district dip from forty to fifty degrees and vary in thickness from three to twenty feet. However, a few veins of lignite have been discovered that lie nearly flat.

There has been a great deal of interest aroused by the now famous "Bain" statement. H. Foster Bain, Chief of the Bureau of Mines, made a flying visit to the Matanuska and Chickaloon field, and in a speech in Anchorage made some remarks that, in my opinion, were not correctly understood. At any rate, Mr. Bain did not say coal would not be found in paying quantities. He did say that the district was faulty; that extreme development would be necessary before large unfaulted deposits would be discovered. There is nothing new or

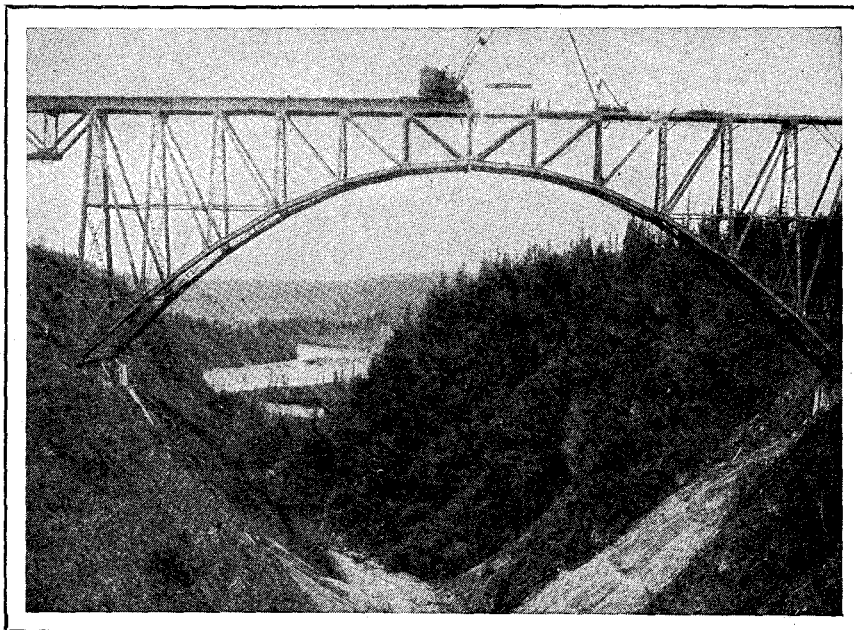
startling in this statement. Every Government geographical report issued regarding coal in this district for the last fifteen years has contained this information. Mr. Bain also stated that at present he did not believe the coal mined in this district could be handled on a competitive basis for consumption in the United States.

Experts and geologists have just as much faith in the Matanuska field now as they ever had, and that is a great deal; but if any one ever went into this district with the idea of developing large unfaulted bodies of coal with little financial outlay he displayed poor judgment and total lack of mining ability. The Matanuska district covers a very large area, with numerous outcroppings of coal, and experts who know the field and have made a study of it for years are fully convinced that extensive prospecting will open up unfaulted deposits that will eventually permit of commercial mining.

The Navy Department and the Interior Department did not engage in the Chickaloon development in a slipshod manner. The coal has been thoroughly tested and proved to be thoroughly acceptable for high-grade Navy purposes. Over a million dollars were spent on the development of this project under the direction of the Alaskan Engineering Commission. Several hundred thousand dollars were spent on a coal-washing plant, and nearly three hundred thousand dollars on buildings and other extraneous development. Prospecting was going on full blast when the Disarmament Conference decided on limitation of navies, simultaneously with General Dawes's decision to limit appropriations, and, as a result, overnight, appropriations for Alaskan development were completely cut out and work immediately suspended.

However, let me say here that naval officials and Interior Department officials have just as much faith to-day in the Matanuska and Chickaloon fields as they ever had, and, in my opinion, it is only a matter of time before this field will be developed—first to supply local purposes, and later for general commercial trade sales.

I personally know very little about



RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION IN ALASKA—THE HURRICANE GULCH BRIDGE

coal. I am simply basing this opinion on the opinion of Nationally known geologists and coal experts who are thoroughly familiar with the ground and have been watching its development closely.

A few miles farther up the line from Matanuska brings us to Wassila, gateway to the Willow Creek mining district, which is located twenty-five miles from the railway. This field is seventy miles from Anchorage. A good wagon road is completed to within from five to twelve miles to the various mines of this district. Fair roads have been constructed to the various properties. But the cost of transporting supplies and mining machinery over the last seven miles amounts to more than all water and rail charges and the haul over twenty-two miles of completed road. The lack of money to complete the last few miles has prevented at least two mills from going into the district.

The district, in the opinion of geologists and mining experts, is one of the most promising in the Alaskan interior, from the standpoint of a high-grade camp. There are about twenty-five mines and prospects in a very limited area, and the ore, which is all of the free milling gold variety, is extremely rich in gold content.

About two million dollars' worth of gold has been taken out, and extensive development work is in progress on the various properties. There are several stamp mills in operation, and the owners of the recently developed Drumheller mine, adjoining the Talkeetna mine, are building the largest mill in the district this fall. The great ore body encountered in this mine, which is extremely high grade, places the district in the "permanent" class; and the Drumheller property becomes one of the richest gold properties in the North. The principal properties in this district are the Lucky Shot, War Baby, Gold Bullion, Gold Cord, Mabel, Opal, Rae Wallace, Gold Mint, Kelley Mines, the Consolidated Gold Mines, and the Hatcher Claims.

North of and close to the Willow Creek district a wagon road is being contracted to the Cache Creek Placer mining district, where fourteen hydraulic outfits are now in profitable operation. The Cache Creek country promises to be a steady producer.

The Matanuska Valley traversed by the Government railway is one of the largest farming sections in Alaska, containing tens of thousands of acres of level and rolling highly productive soil. At the present time many homesteaders are improving ranches in this vicinity. Hay, grains, and vegetables of all kinds are grown successfully in this valley, and as mining development takes place, so that the farmers can enjoy a steady market, this district will be one of the most prosperous and permanent on the railway.

In the Talkeetna district, north of Willow Creek, very promising copper prospects are being developed that give

promise of substantial tonnage for the railway.

The Broad Pass, the McKinley Range, and the Kantishina Mining districts will, in my opinion, furnish enough tonnage when developed to make the entire railway pay. In the Broad Pass section Wells Brothers have for many years carried on prospecting operations on a large body of low-grade copper ore. The excessive expense of taking in supplies retarded any permanent development because of the prohibitive cost. The railway now traverses within eighteen miles of this copper deposit.

Back of the Wells Brothers' claim on Ohio Creek some of the most promising silver-lead veins in the interior have been encountered. These veins run from five to seven feet in thickness and are of an exceptionally high grade; and although, because of the high cost of former transportation, only two hundred feet of tunneling has been done, the prospects have the earmarks of permanence. The fact that this entire district contains base metals will mean heavy tonnage for the railway when proper development has been carried out.

The Kantishina district is too well known to take up much space in this article. This district lies within sixty miles of the Government railway, and contains some of the richest high-grade lode properties in the Territory. Silver-lead ore predominates. However, there are indications of paying deposits of gold, copper, and other metals. The ore that has been taken out of this district was taken out at a cost of over \$100 per ton, and yet, with this heavy expense, six hundred tons were taken out and shipped to the smelter in California at a profit. The cost of transportation alone was \$65 per ton.

It will cost less than \$4,000,000 to construct a railway in this district, and about \$1,000,000 to put in a first-class Government road that can be used by auto truck. High-grade galena ores have been recently discovered on Copper Mountain, which is only forty-five miles from the railway.

The Kantishina and McKinley districts contain the most extensive silver-lead ores north of Cape Spencer, and give promise to rival the Portland Canal section, where the Premier Mine is located. The principal properties being developed in the Kantishina district are those on Copper Mountain, the Quigley-Dalton property, the Red Top Mine, the galena claim, and scores of others that have recently been located and light prospecting done.

The next district tapped by the railway is the Healy River coal fields. The Healy River coal district presents one of the most wonderful coal-mining views in the world. One of the greatest engineers in the country told me that in all of his experience he had never viewed such a wonderful scene. I agree with him. Faulty, yes; but the tremendous coal deposits, although of sub-bituminous grade, can be mined more

cheaply than coal in any other section of the country. A mountain of coal lies within four miles of Healy station, which is now being tapped by railway spur; and this mountain contains 261 feet of solid coal veins. The mountain has the appearance of being cut squarely in two with a sword. It is one thousand feet high, and contains sixteen veins of coal, dipping back into the mountain at an angle of fifty-two degrees. The first vein at the base of the mountain is forty-seven feet thick, of solid coal matter. The next one contains twenty-seven feet, the third one twenty-five feet, and thirteen other veins vary from seven feet to twenty feet in thickness. This coal is being mined for one dollar per ton, and will be mined somewhat cheaper later on. The quality of the coal is between lignite and bituminous—called by several coal-mining engineers "sub-bituminous coal." It gives a terrific heat, although at the present time it shows an inclination to pulverize. It is being developed by private enterprise, and gives promise of being one of the greatest industries in the interior, even if it never supplies any more than is needed for local requirements. The interior of Alaska has been held back for lack of cheap fuel. This trouble will be eliminated when the Tanana bridge at Nenana is constructed, and coal can be shipped from Healy to Fairbanks without reloading at the Tanana River. This bridge will be completed by the first of February, 1923, and will give direct connection from Seward to Fairbanks without water transfer.

Now we come to Fairbanks, in the heart of the great Tanana Valley, at present the most highly developed agricultural area in Alaska.

Regarding the Fairbanks district, many people have gathered an erroneous idea that the various placer creeks have been thoroughly mined and all gold taken out. As a matter of fact, probably less than one-fourth has been taken out, but the high cost of placer mining in this district, together with the former excessive fuel prices, has eliminated the mining of placer ground that would have been highly profitable in other sections of the country. It is almost inconceivable that prospectors were unable to mine gravel that ran a dollar and a half a yard, whereas one dollar a yard anywhere else in the country would have caused a stampede. This field will be developed with one of two methods: The low cost of coal going into Fairbanks district from the Healy Field when the Tanana bridge is constructed will open up many properties which have heretofore been idle. At the present time, however, a substantial corporation is prospecting the entire district at an expense of half a million dollars, with the idea of putting into operation more than fifty dredges if the district proves to contain as much gold as geologists have declared remains. Seventy million dollars' worth of metal has been mined. It is estimated by Dr. Brooks

and others that there are still remaining \$350,000,000 of placer gold in the old creek beds and benches. To win the precious metal in this district on the scale anticipated will necessitate a tremendous expense. A huge volume of water will have to be carried a distance formerly prohibitive. The people now prospecting this field declare that they will know by the fall of 1923 whether they will go ahead with the project. Most of the miners I talked with expressed a firm belief that the options will be taken up, and the greatest hydraulic and dredge development ever known vigorously prosecuted.

One of the experts in charge of the prospecting assured me that the work done up to this time was more than satisfactory. Fairbanks will become the most active city in Alaska if this great project is prosecuted. However, Fairbanks does not have to obtain this project to live. The "Queen City" of the interior supplies a tremendous territory, being a distributing center for the head waters of the Tanana, the Livengood, Chandlar, Eagle Creek, Circle, Fort Yukon, and many other placer districts, and lies in the heart of the famous Tanana Valley agricultural region. This section contains many highly developed farms and dairy ranches. Hay, wheat, berries, and vegetables of all kinds are not only successfully grown in this district, but quantity production is on a par with first-class farming sections of the United States. A fine flour mill is in operation, and an excellent quality of flour is manufactured.

There are several quartz properties within thirty-five miles of Fairbanks that are being developed. These properties are on the profit side of the ledger, and small but complete mills are in operation. Two large dredges are successfully operating on Fairbanks Creek. These dredges handle about six thousand yards of gravel every day. There are several hydraulic outfits in operation around Fairbanks that are paying handsome returns. Cheap coal will give a tremendous impetus to placer mining, and many properties are preparing to open up when the Tanana bridge is completed and coal brought in from the Healy Field.

I have described the various sections along the Government railway to give the public an idea of the possibilities of heavy tonnage for the Government project. The fact that the country has scarcely been scratched should prove to any unbiased mind that the Government road was not only feasible, but an absolute necessity. When good wagon roads have been constructed to the various mining districts along the route and pack trails into the hills, Congress need not worry about this project becoming, not only self-sustaining, but profitable.

Fairbanks, at the present time, has two outlets to the coast—the Government railway and the Richardson Trail. The latter, 427 miles in length, connects the interior with Valdez, on Prince William Sound, and also with a branch road connecting with Chitina, a station on the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad. Automobiles travel over this

road, making the trip in two days under forced driving, and three days for regular service. This is the longest road suitable for automobile travel in all Alaska. Fine accommodations are found for the night stops at comfortable road houses, where meals are served that the traveler will never forget.

For the distance, I think I am reasonably conservative in stating that this 427 miles of road outrivals any like distance in the world for scenery. Several Nationally known tourists have assured me of this fact, and I agree with them. I have lived in mountainous sections, around beautifully wooded lakes, and on rolling prairies practically all my life. This trail surpasses them all. A trip to Alaska is not complete without going over this road, and in a few years it will prove to be one of the greatest transportation assets of the Territory from the standpoint of tourist traffic.

A tremendous amount of work was necessary to bring the road to its present stage of development. A million dollars is required to bring the road up to the standard that it should be. Tourist travel alone will quickly reimburse this outlay.

Roads are every bit as necessary in the Prince William Sound district as in the interior. Roads will mean success to the many prospects and mines in this district. This section since 1919 has shipped 1,800,000 tons of copper ore. It has many promising properties that will be opened up when transportation facilities permit. It is the same old story—"We need roads."

CHRISTMAS AT HATTONCHATEL

A STORY OF VILLAGE RECONSTRUCTION IN FRANCE

BY BELLE SKINNER

IT was the Christmas of 1921, and Hattonchâtel is the dream town of the Meuse.

There have been other Christmas celebrations, many of them, in the little gray-walled village on the top of the hill. During the centuries of her history great people and famous have made memorable this Christian festival in the old fortress-château at the end of the street, and year after year the midnight mass has been chanted in the lovely Gothic church as it was in the Middle Ages and before. Even during the Great War, while the Germans were in possession of the village, there was at least one Christmas celebration, for when the French and American liberators entered Hattonchâtel they found the crypt of the ancient chapel still hung with the faded decorations of a German Christmas party.

But this celebration of Christmas, the first since the war, was a fête purely for the villagers, those peasants of France

who, undismayed by hardship and privation, are tirelessly working day after day and day after day, they and their children; toiling to restore their desolated homes and countryside. It was an effort to lighten their dull, weary hours of labor, and for a day at least the gigantic task of cleaning up gave way to the Christmas spirit of cheer and gaiety.

For a fête of any kind Hattonchâtel offers an incomparable setting. Hanging picturesquely on the highest hill of the range running from Toul to Verdun, this age-old village has for a thousand years kept watch over the lowlands, its enormously thick walls and network of subterranean passages making it all but impregnable.

The history of the village goes back to Charlemagne, one of whose towers still stands incorporated into the foundations of the more modern church, and from those early days down to the seventeenth century this proud little hamlet was a

stronghold of the princes of the blood and the prelates of the Church. Each age and each occupation left behind some mark of architectural loveliness. The underground Romanesque chapel, the arcades, the Gothic church and lace-like cloisters, the "Maison de la Voûte," all served their generations; but in the march of time the nobility withdrew from Hattonchâtel, the village lost its position of greatness and power, and its lovely buildings fell into decay.

Then the Great War swept over the hill, and all that remained of Hattonchâtel was jagged bits of its encircling walls.

It was on this height, then, amid humble ruins and ruins teeming with history and romance, that the Christmas party took place. We had hoped that the festivities might have somewhat the character of a surprise to the villagers and we thought our preparations for the day were wrapped in secrecy. But no—the postmaster at the foot of the hill had

laboriously translated into French telegrams purposely sent in English. He quite properly told the contents to his wife, who could not resist passing on the news to her neighbor, till little by little the tidings crept up the hill and the women of Hattonchâtel filling their pails at the village pump gossiped pleasantly of the fête-to-be. Even the Mayor and Town Council were caught in the wave of curiosity and excitement that swept the village, and discussed in solemn conclave the rumors running rife among the people. The curé alone assumed an air of indifference, but Monsieur le Curé, as often happens, had received direct information as to the plans, and, secure in the knowledge, could easily seem to ignore things so worldly.

Motoring through the valley of the Woëvre the evening before the holiday, we who had come from America to join in the merry-making found ourselves enveloped in a thick fog common to the Meuse at that season of the year and not unlike a London fog in denseness. It was hard to follow the road over which we were traveling, nor could the waiting villagers on their hilltop see afar off the lights of the automobile, as they had often done on clearer nights. Through the stillness, though, and the fog the regular beat of the motor engine drawing nearer and nearer told them of our approach, and quickly their eager hearts sent out the familiar greeting—the church bell ringing across the cold grayness to bid us welcome. It was like the communion of spirits—hearing what we could not see, feeling what neither they nor we were able to express in words, the triumph of faith over sight.

On we crept over the worn, rough road and up the steep hill, and the sound of the bell grew louder. At last faint lights began to glimmer here and there, more and more of them as we neared the top—the moving lights of torches carried by men of the village come out to meet us. We descended from the car. The scene was a bit of the Middle Ages—the village wrapped in thick fog, flaring torches dimly lighting the narrow street and only half revealing the weird gray figures moving in the dark shadows, the babel of voices, the sudden clatter of a horse's hoofs on the rough pavement, the *vivas* of welcome—it might have been the ancestors of these peasants greeting an ancient Duc de Lorraine. We shivered in the penetrating cold. Familiar things seemed strange. It was as if the little street were peopled with the wraiths of long ago, and the illusion of their ghostly presence was not dispelled until we were indoors seated around a big log fire listening to the inevitable French speeches of welcome.

The next day dawned bright and clear. The mystery and creepiness of the night before had disappeared in a glorious winter sunshine, and as I looked out of my window in the early morning on the beautiful country of Jeanne d'Arc, still

bleeding from the wounds of war, my heart beat fast and I knew why France has so many lovers. And when I stepped into the street and saw at the entrance to the village the garlands of mistletoe festooned in a welcoming arch of green, and all along the way the French and American flags crossed over the homely doorways, my pulse quickened again and I knew that France loves her lovers.

The peasants were already astir and hurried forward with morning greetings; women dressed in Sunday best and children in the holiday costume of Lorraine waiting for the coming of evening and the Christmas party, their shining eyes telling without the need of words the happiness in their hearts.

As the day wore on curiosity became acute, for in France New Year's Day eclipses Christmas as a popular holiday, and a community Christmas tree in that part of the country was a thing unknown. At noon the town crier announced very briefly the order of events; yet, in spite of this dissemination of knowledge, we were besieged with callers, from the oldest to the youngest in the village, some asking questions, some giving advice, some eager to open boxes, but all in a mood of Gallic gayety and good nature.

The fête opened in the early evening with the christening of a cinema apparatus in the new-old tavern. It was the first time that moving pictures had been shown in Hattonchâtel, and of course it was the inimitable Charlot who furnished the evening's entertainment. While the audience, forgetful alike of packages and promises, applauded his amusing antics, outside the darkness deepened, one by one the stars came out, and night enfolded the village. Then it was that we who had put the finishing touches to the tree and were waiting for the right moment to come turned on the lights.

Standing in the square in the sheltered angle of an old ruin, this real monarch of the forest towered above the red-tiled roofs of the near-by cottages. In its branches glittered gewgaws and baubles and scores of gayly colored electric birds, the brilliance culminating at the top in an amber star, big and bright and beautiful.

Tumbling out of the hall into the unlighted street, stumbling in the dark and fumbling for their lanterns, suddenly their quick eyes saw above the roofs the star of the Christmas tree, and as if in reverence those simple village folk stopped laughing, stopped talking, and quietly, wonderingly, came to where it beckoned them. They were all there—old men and old women, their backs bent with toil, *poilus* in horizon blue home on furlough, mothers with babies in arms, and lonely children whose mothers and fathers were lost in the horror of war, all were there gazing with hungry eyes at the fairy tree. At the first strains of familiar music, though (for we had brought a fiddler

from Nancy), their attitude changed; smiles broke over their bronzed faces and slowly they began to dance the almost forgotten peasant dances of the days before the war.

And the star of the Christmas tree shone bright above them.

The dancing ended, we went into one of the recently rebuilt houses, long, low, and rambling, as it was three hundred years ago, and there, amid much merriment, the distribution of gifts was made. No one of the rooms being large enough to hold the whole company, we were scattered through the house in a series of connecting rooms following the line of the ancient walls of the village, for it must be remembered that Hattonchâtel, shaped like an Indian arrow-head, is so narrow that all the houses near the point necessarily have for their foundations the undestroyed centuries-old ramparts. It was in the cellar of this very house, indeed, that Guillaume de Haraucourt was captured, that crafty Bishop of Verdun who, at the instigation of Louis XI, invented an iron cage for the torture of political prisoners, and by the irony of fate and the order of his Sovereign became himself for years an occupant of the hideous device. But he and those others whose bloody deeds made history in this old, old village on the high hill passed forgotten that night. Mirth ruled. Gifts were exhibited and exchanged, healths were proposed and drunk in the champagne of the country, a grab-bag with its sporting chances caused riotous amusement, and the children screamed with delight when the plum pudding, "on fire," as they said, was carried through the rooms on a silver salver quite in the English manner by two young men dressed as chefs.

The hours passed quickly. Too soon the hands of the clock pointed to quarter before twelve. It was Christmas Eve, and suddenly above the music and laughter the church bell rang out loud and clear, mingling, as always in France, its religious appeal with its note of joy. The moment to separate had come. Good-nights were said, good wishes were exchanged, the Christmas party of 1921 was over, but in the cold, still winter air the star of the tree shone steadily on, lighting the way to the church, and the bell, peal following peal, called us to the mass.

As we entered the church vague pictures floated before our minds of other Christmas masses said there in the days of long ago, when cardinals in red robes officiated and dukes and princes knelt in prayer and choirs of priests chanted the service. This night there was no such glory of greatness. There were only a few Lorraine peasants and two strangers worshiping together in the partially restored church of a half-forgotten village in the valley of the Woëvre. The altar with its simple bouquets of common flowers and the cheap portable organ about which was grouped the village choir bore no resemblance to the magnificence of the service in other days,

nor did the *Crèche*, poor and crude, recall the Nativity as it is represented in the churches of great cities on Christmas Eve. But the wonderful "Calvaire" by Ligier Richier was there, brought back from Metz, where the Germans had taken it, and once more in its place at the side, and the tablet to the Soldier Dead was there beneath the crossed flags of France and America, and when that group of humble peasants, their eyes uplifted, sang "Noël," a thrill went through one that comes not save when the soul is touched.

The hour passed, the service ended,

and as we went out again into the night I found myself near an old white-haired man, the *doyen* of the village, who offered to escort me to the house. The weather had changed; the sky was black and threatening, an icy wind from the north cut our faces, the lights of our lanterns flickered, and the darkness of the street seemed darker.

But the star of the Christmas tree shone on.

The old man noticed it and, turning towards me—tall, wrinkled, bronzed, looking more like an Indian chieftain than a French peasant—his ordinarily

immobile face took on an expression almost of affection as, pointing in the direction of the tree, he said, quietly, "*Cette étoile nous apporte un nouveau courage.*"

It was a pretty thought—the star of the Christmas tree at Hattonchâtel a star of hope and courage and faith. Shining brightly in the hilltop village, it shed its light on the little ruined hamlets in the wide valley below, confirming to that people whose name is courage the hope of France in America as it symbolized to us America's faith in France.

CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE PLANTATION

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

IT is Christmas Eve, and I'm on my way home for the holidays. But I'm not on a sleeper with screaming wheels, nor on a vessel whose engines sob and pulse and heave, nor in a motor on a 25-miles-an-hour speed limit highway—skimming along blithely at forty-five. I'm driving that obsolescent creature known as a horse. We've already come forty miles; two more, and we shall be at home.

You might well suppose that my journey has been over a prairie; but it has been through wild-woods all the way. From Charleston, the road parallels the coast to Georgetown, sixty miles distant; and the only breaks in the flanking forests are certain starved clearings. It would be hazardous to say that this land is cultivated; for much of it is a mere agricultural shambles, wherein crab-grass and sheep-burs have fatally assaulted the legitimate crops of cotton,

peas, and corn. What a planter of the region once pathetically remarked to me is certainly true: "If we could only get people to eat crab-grass instead of corn, some of us here could make a living." True, one passes a few fine estates, such as the great Horibeck pecan orchard, containing upward of a thousand acres. But most of the dwelling-houses along this road belong to poor Negroes. Of these cabins a word may be said.

They are in general of two types: either old and smoke-grimed and staggering in posture, or else painfully new, with the sap oozing out of their pine boards; often they may be so new as to be unfinished. I mean that a porch or a set of steps may be begun, but left for months and even for years in its state of hopeful beginning. I have known a family to put a roof on one side of a house, and to move in, and actually not to finish the other part of the roof

for a matter of two years. Some people laugh at this sort of thing, and they say that it is just like Negroes to plan and not to execute. My observation leads me to a different feeling and to a different conclusion: I grieve over these cabins; and I know that they are unfinished because their owners are shackled by a dull, uniform, absolute poverty, which is the mother of a fatal inertia. If, for example, a Negro knows a good trade, and can thereby make a little ready money, he will build himself a pretty home, and he will finish it inside and out. But when a man's earthly possessions consist in an acre of barren land, and when he has no market for whatever tiny yields he is able, by weary toil, to scratch out of it, then he exemplifies what Gray meant when he wrote of the power of chill penury to repress noble rage; and what our own Edwin Markham means when he shows us the



THE OLD PLANTATION HOME

Man with the Hoe—a figure destined, by the poet's genius, to pass forever, with terrible portent and implication, before the eyes and through the heart of mankind.

Of these Negro cabins that greet my eyes on my homeward journey, some are painted. Reds and blues prevail; and these are the more startling because of the loneliness of the landscape on which they flamboyantly kindle. Negroes, like all men, having in their souls the natural yearning after beauty or embellishment of some sort, essay to paint their cabins. But commonly their meager means will permit them to buy only a pint or so of paint. This, when judiciously thinned, will cover two doors and perhaps one window; hence one of the architectural oddities to startle the stranger traveling along this Southern road is the sight of a squatting dim cabin with an alarmingly red door, and two or three shutters "terrifically blue," as Florence Wilkinson says. For simple human reasons I have always been touched by these pathetic displays of a mortal longing, distinct and but faintly assuaged. Many careless observers suppose that the Negro simply quits work; but possibly this little story will show that, given a chance, he will take it about as well as the average man.

Prince had lost his house by fire, the cause of which had been a lath-and-mud chimney. One of the laths had caught fire and had set the house ablaze. In helping him plan a new house I was emphasizing the need for a good brick chimney. But he told me he had no bricks and couldn't buy them. I then bethought me of an old brick chimney, all that was left of a rice barn, standing solitary on a plantation some three miles away, and across a river, a swamp, and a creek. I told Prince that I would buy the chimney for him if he would move it. He accepted with alacrity; and for days, in his dugout-cypress canoe whose middle name was Tippy, he crossed the river and the creek. Across the swamp the bricks had to be rolled in a decrepit wheelbarrow. From the final landing they had to be hauled a half mile. Yet all the work—the tearing down of the old chimney, the transportation of the bricks, the building of the new chimney—was done with speed and gladness. They wrong the Negro who point to his poor house and say that it is a just representation of his inertia. Give him a chance, and he will show you what he can do.

And now I return to my woodland highway that runs on, straight and broad and lonely—a road across which wild turkeys are wont to step warily, marching furtively to their roost; and a road down which deer, when the twilight is come, will pace in mysterious silence, delicately roaming the dim country of the night. Though it is midwinter, there are dewy fragrances alluring me from the wayside, and in the green bays smilax wreathes the tallest

trees and drops great cataracts of densest greenery almost to the forest floor. Soon the woods take on a changed aspect; I come to sparkleberry thickets, scrub-oak hills, giant live-oaks, great hollies that tower sixty feet. In one of these hollies a flock of robins is feasting; and with them are cedar-waxwings and a few silent wood-thrushes. Perhaps three hundred robins are in this one tree or else have immediate designs upon it, for the bare sweet-gums near by are thronged with them, and the holly is their objective. On the gums are massive bunches of mistletoe; and on these the birds feed also; but the pale, cold berries of this mystic parasite seem less attractive than the ruddy holly berries. The changing of the woods means that I am getting near the river; and it means that I'm getting home.

The sun, burning down into the pine crests, sends far through the happy woods shafts of mellow light which touch with tender radiance the peaceful pinelands. High overhead throng flocks of wild fowl, passing to their night feeding-grounds on the delta. On the borders of a bay branch a scattered covey of quail is calling together. Far off I hear Negroes whooping melodiously. And this country is home to me—this glamour-land; and, quoting Comus (not because I admire him), I can say:

I know each lane and every alley
green,
Dingle and bushy dell of this wild
wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to
side,
My daily walk and ancient neighbor-
hood.

Fragrant, hung with arras of tattered gold that appears marginal to gorgeous mystery—solitary, beauteous—the midwinter Southern countryside must be compared to the autumn of New England. Everywhere the evergreens prevail: in bush and tree and vine—in jasmine, in smilax, in pine, holly, cassina, oak, and laurel. Looking upon this wistful and somber aspect of eternal life, I think of Goethe's exquisite line—

*Die Myrthe still, und hoch der Lorbeer
steht.*

Of all trees at this season the water-oak is the most arresting in beauty. Although its foliage assumes the most riotous hues, this tree retains all its leaves throughout the winter. The most stately is the live-oak, with prodigious reach of limb, druid-like festooning of gray moss, endless colonies of ferns living along the far-stretched tolerant arms, and with a massive lustrous crown of glossy foliage that confers with skies and stars.

But these woods are not altogether lonely. I pass old friends. First there's a gay cavalcade of amiable deer hunters, happily trespassing on my land, who with high discretion hail me affectionately by my first name and invite me to kill my own deer. Then there's an old

rice planter, the last of his ancient régime, slowly driving home to his far-off plantation down the river. I stop for some words with him, for he is an ancient friend of mine whom I regard with a feeling akin to reverence. This feeling is natural; for this man, now past eighty, but still actively engaged in planting, is the only one in our region who survives of all those who, like him, fought through the four years of the great Civil War. He alone in the plantation district can speak familiarly of Jackson, of Lee, of Thomas, of Custer, of Pickett. He was at Pickett's romantic wedding; he met Custer at Appomattox. Thrice he was wounded; and, though he has often told me of almost every phase of the war, I have yet to hear the first word of bitterness from him. Moreover, he is the one man to whom the Negroes can go for an understanding of matters of genealogy; he seems to know the history of every family of his region—knows it even far back into slavery times. After the planter, I meet many Negroes thronging home for the holidays. Every one has a touch of vivid color about him; it may be a necktie, or a pair of tan shoes, or a bright handkerchief, or a care-free smile. In the lone forest I hear singing and laughter and shouting, and now and then I catch the sound of a strummed guitar or banjo. Nor is there any incongruity in hearing the sounds of these instruments amid the hushed splendor of the pineland cathedral or the dim and solemn live-oak groves; for most of the melodies are in the minor chord, as perhaps befitting the songs of those who retain in their natures something of the exile's immutable longing.

And now I'm very near home. A quarter of a mile from the house the avenue winds into a clearing. Across wide pasture lands, happy in the light of the setting sun, the white pillars gleam, the windows glimmer, the friendly great chimneys spouting smoke show that fresh fires have been kindled against the arrival of travelers. On a plantation as remote as this one every guest must needs be a traveler, as every traveler is a guest.

The old home welcomes me as I drive up the winding woodsy road; the old home seems like a human heart, generous, understanding, unchanged by the years, wistful, thoughtful. Not being a believer in public embraces, I forbear to describe the scene that follows. I've always had a suspicion that these effusive ones who display their affections in crowds are likely the last ones to display them at home.

It is twilight now. Suffusing the pinelands with all kinds of garlands and roses, the sun has set. Plantation sounds fill the air. High over the dreamy oaks the thin, sweet music of wild ducks' wings can be heard. From their night haunts in the shrubberies behind the house the migrated white-throats are calling. I can see tiny

warblers going to roost in the swaying gray banners of moss. From the stockade where the deerhounds are kept I hear a joyous clamor. They know very well that a hunt is afoot for to-morrow. From the stable yard come the voices of the Negroes, singing, shouting, and breaking into peals of infectious laughter. On the broad steps of home, in the dusk, I talk with many Negroes who have come to see me. Their types are interesting.

Gabriel, the hunter, wants to know how soon I can join him in the pursuit of a buck that he has been "saving" for me all year; and from under his coat he produces a marvelous otter hide as a Christmas present. This wily creature he has trapped with a skill that few even among the ranks of expert woodsmen possess. His knowledge of woodland affairs is in singular contrast to the ignorance of wild life of that great army of people, otherwise intelligent, who really wouldn't know the difference between a drumming grouse and a flying buttress.

Martha, one of the members of an elder race, and for half a century the very soul of fidelity to my family, comes to tell me how Germantown, the name of the village where she lives (it is on the borders of the plantation) has guarded its fair civic name during my absence. A strange Negro, it seems, had come to Germantown, a settlement of Negroes of the very best type. This newcomer had behaved in a very shifty manner; and, as a result, he had been strictly ostracized. Martha put the matter to me most graphically when she said: "He has no principles; so we 'hibit [prohibit] him, and we 'hibit his hog." It would not do merely to punish the man by a show of outraged decency, but he must be given to understand that, since he would not behave himself, his stock should not enjoy free range. Possibly there are several other communities in our country which would be uplifted morally if the attitude of the better people toward any brazen sinner was to "hibit him and 'hibit his hog." Martha's earnestness gave me a very lively sense of the real depth of her morality.

Prince, the wood ranger and plantation watchman, tells me in his quiet fashion how he has been trying to look out for the place, and how he has had several encounters with poachers and plunderers. He has but one remark to make about all these rapparees and land pirates. "I make them ca' sail." Possibly no expression that the Negroes use is more vivid. The trespassers were made to "crowd their canvas," as Tenyson says. Prince also tells me of the misfortune of old Cudjo, a plantation charge, whose mule had died from the effects of a slip-knot's having been tied about its neck; and Prince has the humor to suggest that creatures more intelligent than mules get into difficulties with slip-knots.

Round the corner of the house there



A NEIGHBORLY GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS

comes now a messenger on horseback. It is a Negro from a neighboring plantation, and he has brought a message from a boyhood chum, who wants to know if I cannot join him on a Christmas deer hunt, and then dine at his place. Appreciating the frailty of human nature, the messenger adds that the mint bed down at his master's place hasn't been frozen.

Suddenly our attention is attracted to the approach of a most massive figure toiling slowly down the avenue. It is a huge Negro.

"Here comes the crowd," mutters Prince, with an infectious chuckle.

Seven miles has he walked, seven sandy ones. It is Hacklus Manigo, a Negro of very singular and admirable type. Like most stout people, he has a keen mind, and he is well read. Until he became so heavy he used to be an engineer on a river steamer; and he belonged to a religious sect known as "the Sanctified Ones." Now, some people will smile at that; but, knowing Hacklus, I have never taken his religion mirthfully. By the light of a dingy lantern, in the oily and grimed cabin of a Santee River steamer, "in the dead vast and middle of the night," I have had him expound to me, with the sad penetration of naïve intelligence, the Gospel of St. John. His tiny Bible was thumbled and stained with oil. Hacklus always carried it with him; and he carried its contents in his heart. And because of that the owner of the steamer has told me that Hacklus was the best engineer on the coast; that, amid a thousand temptations to drink, he was ever sober; that, while the other boat-hands

would wander off when the steamer touched at a town, this man was ever at his post. Kipling has hymned his McAndrews; in incomparably minor tones, but with not a whit less admiration, I can hymn this thoughtful black engineer. And now he's come to talk with me a while—not of hunts and of woodcraft, not of the affairs of the day and of the hour, but of the things of the spirit. "It's all in these two things," I hear him say, toward the end of our talk: "To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God;" and, "I am the resurrection and the life." I never hear those tremendous words without thinking of Hacklus Manigo; for his life has helped to teach me what they really mean.

On the plantation dinner is usually served at night; and as I go into the dining-room I can see that every one is waiting for me to hear a story. It happens to be so human and so typical that it will bear telling. Its gentle satire is as harmless as it is delicious.

"Oh, do you know," my raconteur says, launching forth eagerly, "that the old Holbrook Randolph place has been sold? But it has been bought by *such* people! They've made money in fertilizer; they came originally from Oil City. Such hideous materialism! Well, of course they had to alter everything about the fine old place. And even the approach has been changed. The avenue now winds to the *back* door, which has been remodeled and made the entrance! Of course," comes the salient comment, "people of that kind never could get used to going into the Randolphs' *front* door!"

Festive is a plantation dinner table, with a huge haunch of venison, a wild turkey, snowy pyramids of steaming rice, crisp brown corn breads, and Bahama sweet potatoes, the sugar oozing out of their loose jackets. And there's the fellowship. And there are the plans for the morrow. Merrily the firelight plays on the frieze of stags' horns circling the room; it gleams on the faded paintings; warmly it enters and is lost among the lavish festoons of holly, myrtle, cassina, mistletoe, and smilax that deck the room.

When once more I go out on the broad porch, the moon has risen, striking silver lances through the misty river fens. Far off I can hear the Negroes singing their Christmas spirituals. They rise, those humble hymns, to the Creator in his mighty fane. The night has magic about it; I think of Whitman's superb phrase, "the huge and thoughtful night." Over the earth there is the sense of some serene arrival. The stars seem aware; the world is about to commemorate the coming of Love. And here, on this lonely plantation, even the humblest heart can feel that this is God's Holy Night; even the weariest heart can feel that all shall be well for them who love the Christ, and who, like Hacklus Manigo, try to walk humbly with their God.

FUEL FOR STEAMBOATS AND HUMANS

BY FULLERTON WALDO

ONE of the few long-distance wood-fuel river trips remaining in the Western Hemisphere is the journey from Fort McMurray, Alberta, to the delta of the Mackenzie River. The distance to and fro is three thousand miles. The steamers, loaded, draw three feet or less; in the shallow places that abound in the Athabasca River and the lake, soundings must be taken by two men stationed in the prow, and serpentine progress is slow. The paddle-wheels are nineteen and sixteen feet in diameter. The sixteen-foot paddle-wheel, which is that of the steamer that does four-fifths of the journey, below the rapids, at which the larger steamer transfers its freight, makes six revolutions per minute at two miles an hour, twenty-two revolutions at nine miles an hour, twenty-seven revolutions at its extreme speed of fourteen miles an hour. As the current of the river varies from two to six miles an hour, the pace is considerably accelerated or retarded as one goes downstream or up-stream. At nine miles an hour the fires eat three-quarters of a ton of four-foot spruce logs; at fourteen miles an hour the fuel consumption is about a cord.

Men spend the winter in the forest on the edge of the great stream to cut this wood and pile it on the bank. The serviceable timber is spruce. The black poplar (also called balm of Gilead and cottonwood) is plentiful, and it bulks as large, but it lacks the pith and stamina to make good fires. The little dry logs burn fast; logs cut with the sap in them and exuding the stickiest of gum last longer. There is as great a variation in the wood and in the way it is piled as in the men who cut it and leave it for the steamboat to find. One man who works alone, with a sled which he hauls himself instead of using dogs, has reared many a perishable monument to himself at a cost of \$4 a cord to the company employing him. He saws at right angles; he piles at right angles; he builds a square bastion at each end of the pile. His work is the admiration of the rivermen. The wood-pile built by the Indian is likely to be of little old logs, too thin and too long dried, which look at the ends as if they had been chewed off by dogs or whittled the way some women sharpen a pencil.

One man last December, working alone, froze his foot. Then he amputated the toes with his jack-knife. Blood poisoning set in, and he lay helpless till he was rescued in April. Indians sent to search out his solitary hut returned to Norman and reported that there was no one in his cabin. A constable of the Mounted Police then went, and found poor McCreery, with a small bag of flour beside him, scraping the snow from between the logs of his miserable shack. A doctor at Fort Norman

treated the foot, and is said to have charged \$600. Our boat two months later burned the wood McCreery had cut and piled, and found it good.

If the axman piles the logs on the verge of the river, where it is most convenient for the boats, he may lose in a moment the fruit of his long toil. When the ice goes out of the rivers in June, it has no mercy on the banks. All along the stream the turf overhangs the rich black loam, which may be frozen to within a foot and a half of the surface. There is a continuous plashing of mud lumps into the water, as if fish were leaping. Stalwart and flourishing trees still stand at the very edge, but the dead gray trunks that have fallen into the stream, that perhaps will drift to the Arctic Ocean by and by, forecast the fate of the trees that still defy the undermining of the water and the frost.

Hence the wood-pile usually stands a hundred feet or so back from the ragged rim of the waterway. Thence it must be "toted" in the arms or on the shoulders of the crew, or of restive passengers desirous of exercise. Some are two-log and some are four-log, or even five-log men. The logs are thrown one by one into a narrow chute that reaches to the deck, and if the boat cannot tie up directly under the bank it may be necessary to use the wide, long gang-plank as well as the chute. If the slant of the chute is steep, the logs come cascading down speedily and violently; if the slope is gradual, it is necessary to direct a stream of water constantly upon it to keep it slippery.

The process of getting the wood aboard is more complex and cumbersome than the description intimates. In the way of an onslaught on the wood-pile there may be *chevaux-de-frise* of logs living, dying, and dead. It takes the eye of faith sometimes to discern timbers freshly cut and piled among those that are as nature or the wrack and ruin of the mighty wind and the battering of the ice left them. If the pilot lets the boat overshoot the almost indistinguishable mark in the hundreds of miles of

serrated spruce fringe, the boat is as helpless without fuel as a man is without food.

Your steamship fueled with coal or oil may seem animate, and not an impersonal machine, but one of these wood-burning river boats is much closer to a breathing, vital, human organism. It coughs red sparks upon the river as if these were the drops of its own blood; and it is indeed a dangerous contagion that is shed abroad therewith. For its length—but one hundred and forty-five feet—this boat is a rapacious creature. It must have meals several times an hour; and no half-portions, but an Eskimo feast, to the inelastic capacity of the ribs of the fire-box. One is inclined to believe that Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego would have declined to serve in the fire-pit of a Mackenzie steamer. Yet an Alberta lumberjack at \$45 a month, spectacled against the hot white glare, takes a log as the wood-passer hands it to him from every nook and cranny the freight leaves free. He yanks open the alarming jaw of Fafner with as little ceremony as if he were a traveling dentist and the furnace were the mouth of a baggy Indian squaw. As the bottom of the fire-pit is six feet below the deck, he must receive the big log at the level of his head as it is slid over the brink, and while flame breathes at him from the firing-front he may be getting a shower of dust and minute pieces of bark as he turns to take the log in his gloved hands.

He must follow the log all the way in—and the gloves are not asbestos. It often seems as if the hands were bathed in flame; even so Latimer and Ridley and the rest of the glorious book of martyrs must have approached the stake. Frequently after the monstrous morsel is lodged in the capacious maw it takes the wrong turning, and must be straightened. If it is too solidly lodged for a swift turn of the wrist to set it right, then—and only then—the fireman deigns to use an eight-foot poker of iron pipe. As he turns his sooty face up to you and smiles, he does not think he has done anything; but it is like the smile of Christian after he had discomfited the fiend Apollyon, who straddled over the whole breadth of the way and said, "Here will I spill thy soul." As the man on high in the pilot-house must, like Palinurus, keep his rudder true, even so the sweating gnome below, with oil on his burns, must keep the needle of the steam-gauge pointing to 175 pounds, or the engineer comes bustling from his piston-rods and link-heads to know why. Behind the whole rocking lumber shanty is the wheel—the great wheel throwing out small rapids that ripple clear across the river, frightening the young wild ducks that cannot fly and fairly leap out of the way and toss-

Other articles by
Mr. Waldo on the
Mackenzie River
country will be published in later issues

ing the fox-tail grasses that stand for reeds along shore. The forest turns to fire; the water is transmuted into steam to move that wheel by which men are moved—that wheel on which lives of men are broken.

Thus seen and felt, the boat is epic of the toil and passion of existence. It is ours to seek out, along the River of Life, the fuel of body, mind, and soul. What

worthless sticks we often choose! "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." We give the precious engine, not the best, but, many times, the very worst of all there is. The fuel we might take to be the spirit's nourishment is proffered from the whole rich and various demesne of science, art, and letters. The world is all before us where to choose, as it was before our parents leaving

Eden. "Man," saith the philosopher, "is an animal of noble preferences." How often, of our own motion, do we belie that utterance! "Give us this day our daily bread," our souls are crying; and instead we give them stones.

He "maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire." That fire must be fed with the right fuel or it dies.

THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC

WHAT IS GOOD PIANO PLAYING?

BY W. J. HENDERSON

WHEN you go to hear a pianist, what do you expect? If you expect what you should not and the pianist does what he should, you will be disappointed. If you expect what you should and the pianist cannot fulfill his obligations to his art, you will be disappointed; but this time with unassailable reason. Too many persons regard music and its performance as some sort of mystery, comprehensible only to those possessed of special training, whereas to a certain extent any one who has a good ear and will apply common sense to his consideration of music can determine whether he ought to enjoy it or not.

If music is an art at all, it is the art of beauty in sound. We need not tor-

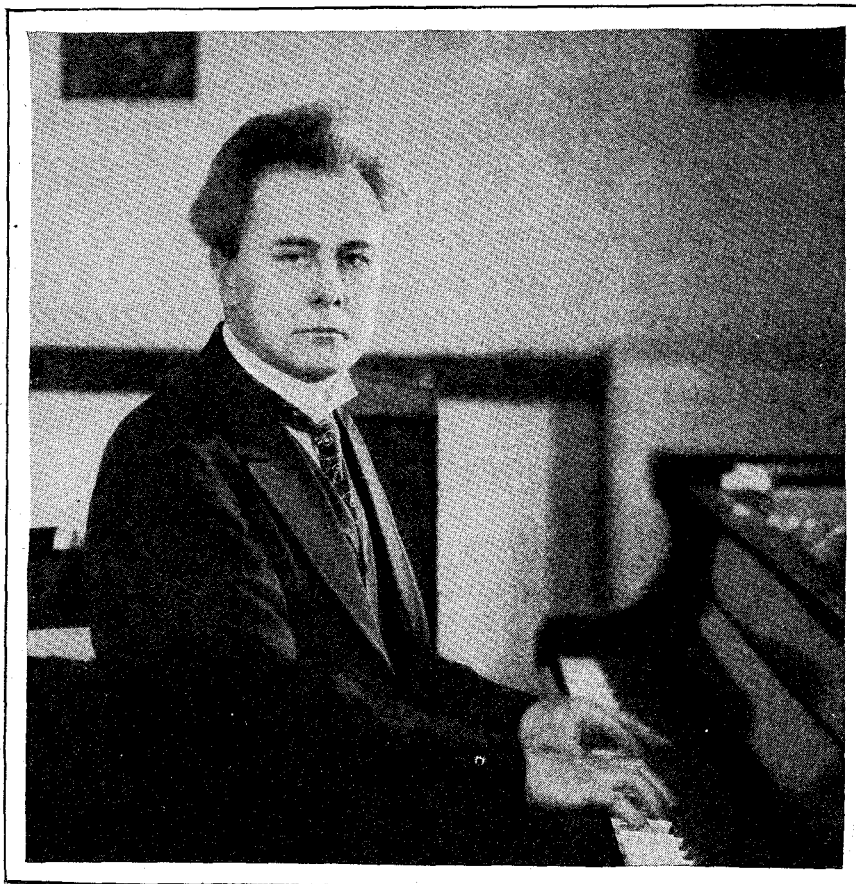
ment ourselves by trying to arrive at a definition of beauty. Let us confess at once that beauty has never been successfully defined, and that it is entirely a matter of opinion. But the fact remains that among the cultivated peoples of the world there is a pretty general consensus of opinion. In regard to music the general view is that its fundamental beauty is the beauty of tone. If the sounds produced by instruments or voices are harsh, rough, impure, or, in a word, noises rather than musical tones, beauty cannot exist. For that reason we may without hesitation assert that the chief object of all musical technic is the production of euphonious tone. Probably that is what Liszt had in mind when he declared that three things were

needed to make a pianist: "First, technic; second, technic; third, technic." What he undoubtedly meant was that a perfect and inexhaustible technic is essential to good piano playing, for the reason that without it nothing can be made to sound beautiful.

Therefore let us begin with some reflections on the art of playing the piano. Nothing is more generally misunderstood than what constitutes good piano performance except what is good singing, and this is reserved for future discussion. The million amateur pianists find that their greatest difficulty is to strike the notes written in all the "hard pieces" which the masters have given us. It does not seem to occur to these amateurs that about the mechanical difficulty of fingering all those notes the composers never thought at all. They took that part of the execution for granted. So should we. A professional pianist ought to be able to strike the notes in any of the standard piano compositions, to strike them while proceeding at the correct *tempo*, and to accent them correctly. False notes are simply forbidden.

But while playing the right notes the pianist ought also to be able to make them sound beautiful. No matter how intricate the passage, how rapid the succession of thirds or octaves or other combinations, no matter how complicated the polyphony, the tone drawn from the piano must be beautiful or the performance fails of its ultimate purpose—namely, to restore to living, breathing eloquence the instrumental song which sleeps in silence on the printed page till the clinging kiss of the interpreter breaks the spell.

The piano is undeniably an instrument of percussion. Its tones are produced by the blows of hammers on metal strings. And the purposes of interpretation are often best accomplished by emphasizing the percussive nature of the piano. But the hammer of Thor or the ax of Sergei Prohovieff is not the hourly companion of the great artist of the keyboard. His chief aim is to disguise the percussive character of his instrument and to make it seem to sing. This semblance of singing is the greatest desider-



(C) Underwood

JOSEF HOFMANN

"The master of phrase and accent"



Bain

HAROLD BAUER

"The exquisite cantilena of a Bauer. . . . This is the acme of legato, as it is called, and a pure, smooth, sustained legato is the foundation of musical performance"



Bain

GUIOMAR NOVAES

"All pianists and students of piano have made an idol of Godowsky because of his extraordinary technic. But many of us would rather listen to an erratic but imaginative child like Guiomar Novaes"

atum of all musical performance. What musicians mean by a singing tone is one that has a smooth and steady flow. In a series of singing tones united in a musical phrase the vocal quality is imparted by so performing them that they seem to be organically united. One note passes into the next without a noticeable break in the continuity of sound, yet the articulation between the two tones is not blurred, as in the exquisite cantilena of a Bauer or a Gabrilowitch. This is the acme of legato, as it is called, and a pure, smooth, sustained legato is the foundation of musical performance whether vocal or instrumental. It is the first and indispensable requisite of musical beauty.

The piano of to-day is capable of a far finer legato than the early ones. We have better strings, better sounding-boards, better key actions, and better pedals. We possess sound-sustaining devices unknown to the makers of Mozart's and Beethoven's pianos. Yet the illusion of song has always been sought by pianists. Johann Sebastian Bach's son Emmanuel wrote:

Methinks music ought principally to move the heart, and in this no performer will succeed by merely thumping and drumming and by continual arpeggio playing. During the last few years my chief endeavor has been to play the pianoforte, in spite of its deficiency in sustaining sound, as much as possible in a singing manner, and to compose for it accordingly.

Mozart cherished similar ideals. He demanded of the pianist a smooth, gliding movement of the hands, so that the passages should flow like wine and oil. In order that the vocal character of piano music might be preserved, Mozart wrote continually in the cantabile style (*cantare*—to sing) and developed many of his melodic thoughts from simple successions of notes of the scale. One wonders often whether Elly Ney ever heard of the wise sayings of Emmanuel Bach and Mozart.

But, while the singing melody is the basis of piano music, as it is of all other music, it is not the whole of it. Upon this foundation is reared an artistic structure in which variety in unity shows forth in all its engaging qualities. No one would wish to forego the pleasure experienced in hearing a pianist perform rapid passages with perfect smoothness and equality, with sonorous force and sunny clarity. While the pure cantabile melody may be the trunk of a composition, the florid passages are the natural and beautiful exfoliation, and we would regard some naked trunks as comparatively wintry objects.

In the performance of brilliant passages, and also in certain types of melody, the staccato, or short, sharp touch is required. The listener is justified in demanding that when a pianist has a staccato to play he shall play it musically. Singers use the staccato, and the instrumental performer therefore can form a vocal ideal of this type of utter-

ance. What, then, is to be said about rapid passages in simultaneously sounding tones, thirds, sixths, and octaves, as the musicians would put it? Always the same: the tone must be musical. But here enters another addition. The balance must not be destroyed. The accord must consist of two or more tones, one of which usually belongs to the melody. The listener must require the player to make the melody clear at all times and to give to the accordant or discordant notes precisely the amount of force needed to make them furnish the harmonic character to the performance.

This is one of the most exacting requirements of artistic performance, for the pianist who expects to preserve the outline of his melody and the balance of his subsidiary voice parts (as they are called) at all times must possess fingers and wrists trained to the utmost pliancy and independence, and he must have them under such command that they execute his wishes automatically. The pianist cannot be thinking all the time just how hard he is to strike this or that note. His mind is rather intent on the larger matters of phrasing and the adaptation of his *tempi* and his broader dynamics to the interpretation of the composition.

We now come to the subject of rhythm. With all due regard for the brilliant liberation of their spirits by the much-liberated Cyril Scott, the untrammelled Ornstein, and other colorists of the impressionistic school, the music lover will

without doubt continue to insist on a clearly defined outline. Now in music the clarity of the outline of a composition depends not only upon a neat enunciation of the separate tones, but upon a perfect relation of their relative lengths, their varying degrees of force, and their utterance in unmistakable groupings called phrases. The phrasing of an instrumental composition is founded upon the same artistic principle as the lines of a poem, and the preservation of the identity of the line can be accomplished only by a correct treatment of the meter.

Not all the angels;
In heaven nor;
The demons down;
Under the sea;
Can ever dis sever my soul;
From the soul of;
The beautiful Annabel Lee.

If you read it that way, the rhythm is spoiled, though it is impossible altogether to destroy it, while the phrasing—supposing it for the moment to be piano and not word music—is wholly ruined. But even when the lines are correctly phrased, the rhythm will still be imperfect if just the right emphasis is not laid on every syllable. In the larger forms of musical composition the melodic phrases are often very extended and the rhythms not simple, but compound. It is therefore the business of the pianist to convey to the hearer a clear and unmistakable outline, so that he may recognize the phrases of a melody and the melody as a whole. If you hear a blurred and uncertain melody, groping, as it were, its way toward you, be sure there is something wrong with the performance. The most uncouth or vague melody can be played in such a way that the responsibility for its defects will be shown to be the composer's, not the performer's. And when one thinks of perfection in rhythm one thinks of Josef Hofmann, the master of phrase and accent.

One of the commonest faults in piano playing is underestimating the relative sonorities of the upper and lower strings. The high treble notes are sounded by short strings with short vibrations; the bass strings are long and have more enduring vibrations. Pianists often forget this and make the bass of a passage resound so that the treble is obscured and the outline of the melody lost. Obviously a composer wishes that everything shall be heard, but in proper proportion. It must be plain to the reader that good phrasing is impossible when the bass overbalances the treble, except in cases where the melody is in the bass.

Perhaps enough has been said about the office of the hands. Now a word as to the feet. The possibilities of the pedals are very great. The amateur of music, unfortunately, has been taught to call them "loud" and "soft." But a pianist can play just as loudly without using a pedal as with one. He will, how-



Bain

OSSIP GABRILOWITCH

"One note passes into the next without a noticeable break in the continuity of sound, . . . as in the exquisite cantilena of . . . a Gabrilowitch"

ever, obtain a different kind of loudness. When a pianist strikes a key, he raises a damper, and as long as he holds the key down the strings of that note will vibrate freely till their vibrations die out. When on striking the key he also depresses the "loud" pedal, he raises all the dampers in the instrument and thus permits all sympathetic strings and their overtones to vibrate.

When he depresses the soft pedal, he shuts off one of the strings of a note (in a modern grand each note has three) and causes the instrument to give forth a more veiled tone. By various combinations of pedals and the union of such combinations with the several kinds of touch pianists produce those extraordinary illusions of changing qualities of sound which we call tone colors. It is not essential to an intelligent enjoyment of piano playing that one should know all about touch and pedals, for touch is so subtle that, in the last analysis, it becomes an individual gift. But even a tyro can understand that some difference must result when you strike the key with a stiff finger or a relaxed one, with the flat surface of the extremity or with its point.

Finally, as to interpretation. This brings us to indeterminate quantities, for, while it is easy enough to decide when the interpreter is entirely wrong, it is impossible to pronounce a conclusive verdict when several admittedly

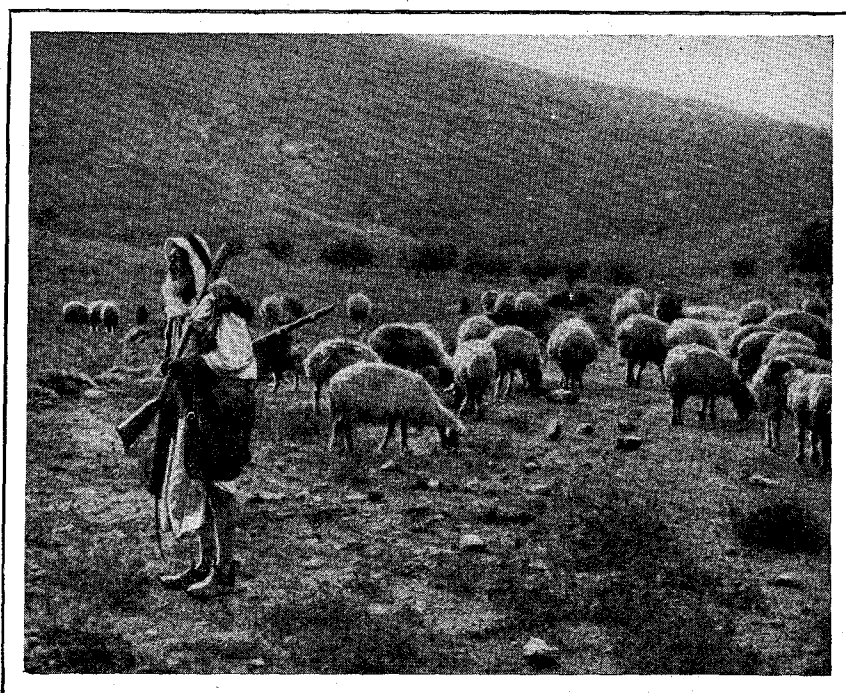
great artists disagree. The true artist assimilates the composition. It becomes a part of his own artistic organization. When he gives it back to the public, he gives himself as nourished by Beethoven, Chopin, or Schumann. But at least the thoughtful listener can study the manifestations of the performer's temperament. Intellect and emotion must each play its proportionate part. As the author of this article has said elsewhere, "Music is a glorious ship on the ocean of art; emotion is the breeze that fills the sails; intellect is the skilled hand at the wheel."

The intellect is the designing power, and without design there is no art. Piano playing which is merely a bewildering exhibition of technical "virtuosity," as it is called, is worthy of admiration for just what it is, but it is far from being the supreme achievement of the pianist. This explains the attitude of critics who demand always that a pianist shall show ability to interpret some work of high intellectual design, such as a Beethoven sonata or the Schumann fantasia, before they will accord him a seat among the gods of his art. All pianists and students of piano have made an idol of Godowsky because of his extraordinary technic. But many of us would rather listen to an erratic but imaginative child like Guiomar Novaes or a solid master of form and style like William Bachaus.

Another article on "The Enjoyment of Music" will appear in an early issue. It is called "About Good Violin Playing"

IN THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS: 1918

BY ALLAN A. HUNTER



A PALESTINE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK

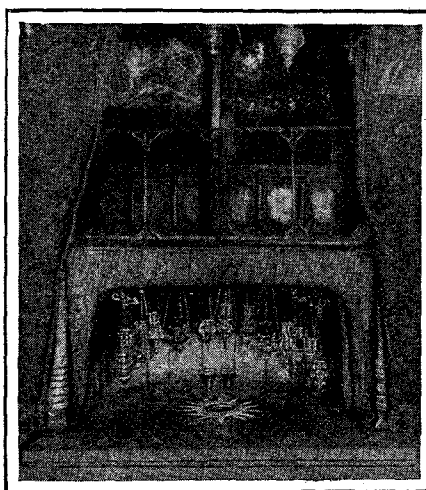
THE war was over. It was the morning of the first Christmas after the armistice, in Bethlehem. But the place where the Prince of Peace was born proved the scene of hatred and violence. Of course that hatred and violence were held in leash by the hand of the British administration. Two British Tommies were on guard beside the silver star which, according to tradition, marks the spot upon which the angels looked as they sang of good will among men. Those soldiers were on guard with bayonets fixed in their rifles and cartridges ready to see that the Greek priests did not start massacring the Armenian priests, or the Armenian priests the Roman Catholic, or the other way round.

A more ironical contradiction of the spirit of Christ would be hard to find. Here on Christmas morning, in the little cave-stable under the famous Church of the Nativity, there may have been two or three worshipping in spirit and in truth; but one noticed only the pomp, pride, and circumstance of those who had come either to show off or to see. Priests exhibited on their Orthodox bodies the crimson and purple of gold-laced robes. (These they had changed many times at a crowded ceremony the evening before.) As for the gaudy curtains and lamps, the ornate manger and the wax *dambino*, all that bric-à-brac made one think of a curio shop. What symbols there were represented, not the radiant Christ of the brotherly age that will come, but the musty past and its hopelessly stupid quarrels.

The silver star was a definite cause—

so they say—of the Crimean War. Some holy Orthodox fanatic stole it. An opposing sect called in the French to win it back. Clash! Another war! However that may be, many fights have taken place in this underground room and some have given their lives over such an issue of moment as this: Shall the Orthodox or the Armenians own such and such a nail on the wall, or shall the Catholics wash a certain window?

That crypt under the Church of the Nativity stands for the clenched fist and the incredibly grotesque. You can break your heart over it, or you can take it humorously, and rather sensibly, as did the British sergeant.



THE STAR IN THE GROTO OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY

I met him in a room adjoining. He was off duty at the time; and he cherished no delusions about the holy places. To him the salient thing in this church was the wine cellar of one of the superintending priests.

"They're a rum lot, sir," he commented on the religionists. "But the wine's good, sir. Werry good, sir."

Tommy Atkins in Palestine was a wise and weathered man. He refused to worry himself sick about the graft and bigotry of the holy places. He was there for the sole purpose of guarding them, of doing his duty.

Nor his to reason why. As I left the church I asked a sentinel (with a wound stripe and many service stripes) where the field of the shepherds was.

"I don't know, sir."

"How long have you been stationed here?"

"Six weeks, sir."

Men might crawl out of bed before the dawn and walk the six muddy miles from Jerusalem to visit the field where the shepherds watched their flocks by night, but this field of the shepherds was nothing to him.

It was something to me, however. I hadn't fought four years in the war; on Gallipoli and then across the scorching sands of Sinai. (I had come up in comparative comfort six months before on the "Milk and Honey Express.") I hadn't marched with a ninety-pound pack all the way up the Philistine plain and then through the slush and storms of the Judean hills to David's home town. So the field beyond Bethlehem was worth some walking to see.

It was only half a mile from the church, over a hill and then down again. Walking up through the narrow, twisting streets, I passed a string of kneeling camels, an immense solemnity in their faces as they chewed their cud; and donkeys, the most lovable little fellows with fuzzy eyebrows and a patience in their eyes born of carrying innumerable burdens. Their backs would bend, but apparently without pain, as they twinkled down the street, half hidden under bulging sacks of grain and clover. One moment's hesitation, and "Thwack!" would come the driver's stick on the mouse-brown haunches, with the exhortation, "*Yu Hamar!*" (O donkey!) These drivers were robed in *jellabias* or glorified nightgowns, originally a brave Prussian blue, but now, thanks to many washings, the mild color of the sky. They were amiable barefoot Syrians who seemed genuinely to mean their deep-throated salutation of "*Salaam aleikum!*" (Peace be upon you!)

They are a strangely lovable people, the Syrian village folk, even if they do overload their animals. To be sure,

they have weaknesses. They do not seem to be interested in veracity; possibly they have no conception of what it is. They are not keen on what we Americans call co-operation; there is too much jealousy and distrust all round for that. They do not abound in initiative and the strenuous life. But they have a gift for quick sympathy and a dignity like the dignity of some children, that suggests the kingdom of God. Their lives are taken up pretty largely with finding sufficient grass for the family donkey and earning enough pancake-loaves of bread for the hungry mouths in the limestone box of a house where parents and little ones all literally go to bed with the chickens. Olives and occasional figs, or a special slice of impossible cheese, with grapes in summertime and a rare Jaffa orange, serve for dessert. Since this is Christmas time, they will indulge in three or four pieces of *bouclauwa*, or honeyed pastry, and the children will make piles of colored eggs on which have been etched, with a nail, the manger scene or the Wise Men. Nearly everybody will join in, for the little town of Bethlehem is mostly Christian, and the few Mohammedans are not unwilling to help the Christians keep their festival.

As I reached the top of the hill and looked back over the hollow where huddled the small white houses of the town, I saw that most of the windows were margined in spite of their lack of glass; margined with blue, in honor of the Mother of our Lord. Bethlehem from this distance was lovely to look upon, "all bright and glittering in the smokeless air."

What met me as I left the town behind and started eastward down the hill was even more enchanting. For there in truth was Palestine! Simplicity and peace! In front of me, across the field gleaming with barley stubble, was a yoke of slow-moving oxen, fresh brown in the sun, tugging away at a wooden plow, and followed by a peasant crooning an eery song. That plow could have been used by the servants of Boaz in this self-same field where Ruth gleaned among the harvesters. With that song Abraham may have heartened himself along the Bethlehem road as he set out with his camels for pastures new. And

those watch-towers—tall cylinders of unhewn stone—that stood as sentinels among the terraced vineyards on the hillsides round about. Did not David survey this very valley from towers like these? Perhaps the fig and olive trees were thicker then, and the vines more generous; for half the trees of Palestine the Turks cut down, and blighted all her fairness.

The boy David must have loved these hills and *wady*s, that distant wall of blue whence the sun had risen, the mountains of Moab that forever haunt the Holy Land. Perhaps he led his flocks over this field to nibble grass or dewy moss among the crannies of stone walls.

Anyway, sheep were browsing on the edges of the field, and there were two or three shepherd boys; ragged young bare-

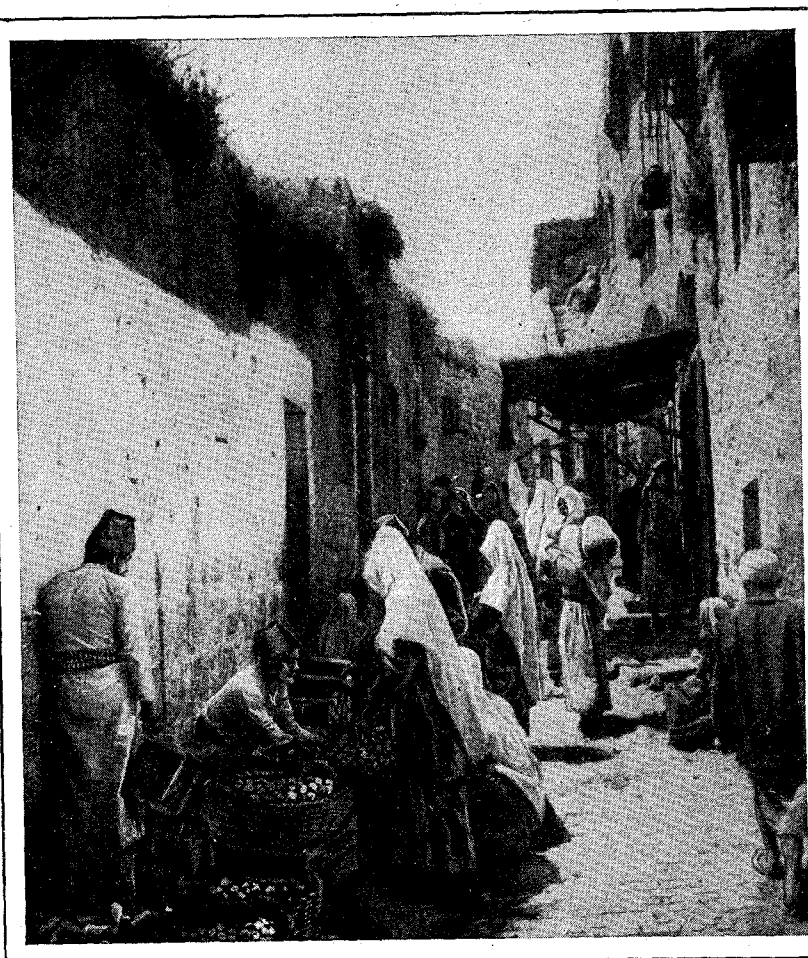
foot Arabs, as native as the oak or thorn. Possibly they had gathered here deliberately on Christmas morning in the field where the shepherds watching their sheep had heard good news from heaven.

I did not know. It was enough to admire the nine-year-old shepherdess, holding in her arms a kid with a shining jet nose, a picture of tranquillity.

After exchanging "peace" with these carers of the flocks, I climbed up the hill again toward the little town, and as I climbed I remembered:

They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high.
Thou camest a little baby thing,
That made a woman cry.

Nearing the crest of the hill, I noticed, stark and white, clear cut against the blue—the Cross.



A STREET IN BETHLEHEM

THE DIFFICULT ART OF BEING A JEW

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

This frank, thoughtful, and thoroughly American article discusses the problem of racial relationship without fear or favor. Mr. Lieberman believes that the American way of approaching a problem is to bring it out in the open for discussion. He makes manifest this belief by his forthcoming Outlook article

POEMS BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

TO ONE WHO WALKS THE HIGHROAD

I

THINK no thought of her
Whatsoever,
Foolish wanderer,
If you still have hope to find
Any peace within your mind.

II

She is vain and frail
(I know her!)—
She will fade and fail;
As a bloodroot blown apart
She will scatter from your heart.

III

Go—in glades of fern
Seek cover,
Lest the sun burn—
Lest the river drown you deep
In its shadows full of sleep.

IV

Where the leaves are cool,
Dew-crested,
Near a still pool,
With the moving, watching things
Listen to their whisperings;

V

But be silent. Stand
Deep rooted.
Clasp with either hand
Saplings, tall and thin of stem;
Lean upon the strength of them.

VI

Let them bear the weight
Of your longing.
They are tall and straight . . .
In their province, green and dim,
What is any woman's whim?

SMILING WOMAN

I

HER personable countenance
Incites the mind devoid of laughter;
She is a smooth and supple lance
That, bent, retained some bending after.

II

Always the sun will flash from it,
Tracing that length that never broke—
Her lovely grace—her singing wit—
That cuts a curved and cruel stroke.

POTENTIALITIES

AND if my hand should touch you, well, what then?
Could finger-tips disclose what thought has missed,
Or wake the sleeping sorceries that twist
Your mouth almost to smiling? In all men
I doubt not there is something kept apart,
Not meant to be disturbed. (As in my breast,
Darkly, I cherish the small seed of rest.)
What curious thing is hidden in your heart?

I will not ask. I shall not wonder much,
Save at the peace that broods upon your face,
As if you dwelt secure in a far land
Remote from thoughts of me and from my touch;
And this I know is your desired safe place,
And so I will not reach to you my hand.

IMPREGNABLE

AT times I grow distrustful of repose. . . .
Have you perhaps allowed yourself to die,
Shut in behind yourself, the walls too high,
The last gate shut, and never to uncloze?
And can you not be more than what you are:
Calm, and remote? My thoughts in clamorous storm
Shaped like the rains of summer, black and warm,
And move you not, and spend themselves afar.

Always you wait; and I am wordless, held
Beyond the impassable barrier, apart;
Watching your mood, too long restrained and quelled,
Strong in the dark of doubt—as strong as stone—
Shaped by your will with its most desperate art,
To keep you safe, and deathless, and alone.

MARIA RAPALLO

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

MRS. SPANGLER stood in the kitchen, pulling on a pair of heavy and oft-mended gloves. It was half-past three on the afternoon of the day before Christmas, and he was about to leave Plympton in his motor omnibus for Summit Hill, fifteen miles away. The kitchen, with pretty Mrs. Spangler sitting by the table, was pleasanter than the mist-enshrouded out-of-doors.

Mrs. Spangler held up her work for Spangler to see. It was a cat whose outline had been printed on muslin which she had stuffed into shape with rags. It made a safe and delightful toy for a little child.

"I've stuffed a cat and a dog and a doll to-day," she said, merrily. "And tomorrow I'll stuff a turkey."

Spangler laid his hand on the latch. Mrs. Spangler was the light of his eyes, and he never left her without a pang.

"What would you say if I didn't get back in time to help trim the tree?" he asked, ruefully.

Mrs. Spangler laid down her work.

"You won't have to make an extra trip to-night?"

"I'm afraid I will. Four college students are coming home by way of Fort Edward, and the boss told me to meet them."

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Spangler.

"It means five dollars," said Spangler. "And you may have the five."

Outside, the mist created a premature twilight through which Spangler went briskly down the street. There were wreaths in the windows and festoons over the doors and Christmas trees by dozens for sale along the curb, and the Christmas spirit was in Spangler's heart. He wished that he could give some great, priceless gift to somebody, not his family—he was able to give them everything they wanted—but some forlorn person or some child.

In the garage he was hailed with shouts. He was probably the most popular person in the community, and there was no one who more deserved popularity. He climbed at once to the driver's seat of the unwieldy omnibus, in which two passengers, afraid of not getting seats at the starting-point in the Square, had already found places. One was Mrs. Hedge, tall, black-haired, and very cross-looking. The other was Mrs. Lischey, who was short and heavy and timid, with a broad, expressionless face. Mrs. Lischey had the comfortable seat beside Spangler, and Mrs. Hedge, behind her, glared at the back of her old-fashioned bonnet. The four seats of the omnibus rose like steps, and it was only beside the driver that one was not tossed violently from side to side, as well as tipped backward and forward as

the bus climbed or descended the steep hills.

A mischievous mechanic looked at the two ladies.

"Look out going round Dead Man's Curve," he warned. "It'll be slippery."

"Slippery nothing!" rejoined Spangler, with a reassuring glance at his passengers. He blew the horn and called, "Look out there!" and guided the lumbering vehicle into the street. The engine roared like that of a powerful locomotive.

At the Square twenty passengers waited, and his car was supposed to hold fourteen. Not only were there human beings, but there was one dog, and there were baskets and suit-cases beyond computation, and one trunk. There were also the early arrivals and himself. The sum to which the human beings added seemed to have a profoundly humorous significance to Spangler, and he said, in a loud tone, "Twenty-three!" It seemed to have a humorous significance for the crowd also, because they shouted with laughter.

"I've got to get home to milk the cows, Spangler," called some one.

"I engaged a place this morning, remember, Spangler. You know I did," said another.

"I don't take up much room," said a very fat man. He was a drummer who had traveled with Spangler for ten years, and he always cast tender and entirely ineffective glances at the ladies. He looked smilingly at Mrs. Hedge, and she repaid him with an indescribably fierce scowl, exhibiting for an instant the artificial substitute which had long since replaced her canine tooth.

Spangler began to give loud directions.

"All you grown people 'll have to hold children," he commanded. "Myron and Billy, you go only a short distance—you stand on the running-boards, one on each side. This ark 'll have to be balanced. All the bundles 'll have to go on the top. Now those that go farthest, in first. Mrs. Hedge, you kindly move front with Mrs. Lischey."

Mrs. Hedge was about to say, "I'll do nothing of the sort," but she changed her mind; not because public opinion was clearly against her, but because she would rather crowd Mrs. Lischey than be herself crowded by the fat man or hold a child on her lap.

Five passengers who came running up at the last minute Spangler could not take. He drove off amid a loud clamor, shouting at the top of his voice:

"I'll make another trip at 7:30. You'll have to wait. Have patience."

Every one on the street stopped to look at the omnibus, and almost all the men wasted their breath shouting at Spangler. The last generation created a

certain nameless and admired work of art by covering a jar or jug with putty and affixing thereon a variety of small articles—buttons, jackstones, buckles, tiny unclothed dolls, wishbones, and so forth, and completing the work by gilding. The bus was not gilded, but otherwise it resembled one of these objects. The trunk was strapped on the rear, baskets and bundles were placed in a rack on the top, a man stood on each side, human heads projected occasionally from between the curtains, and the dog whined piteously on the running-board. The front of the car was decked with greens and a Christmas tree was strapped to the rear. Through the windshield could be seen the face of Spangler, kindly, bright-eyed, smiling, and a little anxious. This was the heaviest load he had ever carried. Fortunately, his passengers would begin to leave at the end of the first mile, and few would be left to carry up the steep incline at the end of the journey.

At the edge of the town he turned on the lights. The mist had thickened and the sky had darkened, and the excrescences on the bus became invisible. The vehicle looked like some enormous elephant or hippopotamus with fiery eye hastening through the night. A mile out the young man addressed as Myron stepped down, and a little beyond the young man named Billy. Every one in the bus shouted "Merry Christmas!" and the young men shouted back and waved their hats.

Still a little farther on two persons got out. One was Mrs. Hedge, who said no good-by, but went directly into her great dim house. The other was a stout woman who, with Spangler's assistance, climbed into a buggy waiting for her at the entrance to what was known as the "back road," which climbed the mountain in a zigzag direction and joined the main road miles away near Summit Hill. The passengers pitied her because of the wretched road on which she must travel. Some one expressed anxiety also for Mrs. Hedge, who lived alone and had tempting possessions, but this sympathetic person was laughed at. No burglar would attack Mrs. Hedge; if he did, said some one, he would "get his."

On the first short incline Spangler waved his hand at a dim light. In a little house close to the road lived Mrs. Graybill, a gentle old lady of whom he and his wife were very fond. He smiled into his stubby mustache and his blue eyes brightened. To-morrow morning he would take Mrs. Graybill home with him to eat her Christmas dinner.

In the village of Worleysburg the bus was almost emptied. There was a long pause here, for all the bundles were re-

moved from the roof and handed to the departing passengers or put inside, and the trunk and the tree were unfastened. The monster had now only his own grayish hide.

Beyond Worleysburg began the steep ascent of the mountain, and there were few houses. Of the passengers who remained Spangler was well acquainted only with the fat drummer, who took the place by his side and began to discourse about the mistakes of the Government. From Summit Hill he would take the trolley to Fort Edward, and there catch an express train and reach home before morning.

The lights of the car, illuminating first a little space on this side of the road and then the other, showed no more fields, but rank upon rank of bare peach and apple trees. Presently, as Spangler changed gears, the landscape changed again. The grade was steeper, and on each side were thickets of rhododendrons and the lower boughs of pines and hemlocks, which vanished upward into blackness. Though Spangler had made the journey twice a day for more than ten years, he never failed to take a profound pleasure in the woodland, and he liked to have some one beside him with whom he could share his satisfaction. The drummer was not a congenial soul.

The woodland was not entirely unbroken. Set apparently in the midst of the forest was a little farm. Here lived two young people named Filson, who, like all the people on the road except perhaps Mrs. Hedge, were Spangler's friends. Several years ago they had lost their only child, and it had seemed at first as though Mrs. Filson would never recover her health or her cheerfulness. A few months ago, however, a great happiness had come to them. They had taken a child to raise, a stranger who had been found for them by the Children's Aid Society. She was a beautiful dark-eyed little girl, about ten years old, whom they called Esther. They longed to adopt her, but the Aid Society advised against any immediate approach to her father, who had treated her cruelly. Spangler stopped each morning and took her to school at Summit Hill, and brought her back in the evening. Now he blew his horn fiercely as he passed the little farm, and he saw the light darken as Mrs. Filson pressed her face against the pane to see him go by. When he came back, she and Filson would both be at the side of the road waiting.

A little farther on he blew his horn again. Here there was a dark aperture in the wall of foliage where the back road rejoined the pike. There was no danger of running into any one—the back road was hardly used once a month. Spangler thought of its few lonely inhabitants, then of Mrs. Spangler and the children, then of the five dollars he would earn; then, with a shake of the head, of Mrs. Hedge. The

wickedness and unhappiness of some members of the human family astonished him—it was so easy to be happy and good.

At Summit Hill there was an amusement park for the citizens of Fort Edward. It had been intended originally that the trolley should run down to Plympton, but funds had given out and it was doubtful whether it would ever be continued. There were a few houses, a little store, and a schoolhouse. It was with the storekeeper's children that Esther Filson stayed until Spangler came for her.

When Spangler drew up beside the platform at the trolley station, Esther came running to meet him and scolding prettily. Her black eyes shone out of a red hood, dimples came and went in her cheeks, and her tongue ran as though its mechanism were different from that of other people's tongues. Spangler was bewitched by her. He had begged Mrs. Filson to let him take her down to play with his children, and Mrs. Filson had said, with a little hesitation, "Some time." She seemed to be afraid to have the little thing out of her sight.

As the departing passengers climbed down Esther climbed in.

"I knew you'd be on time," she said, reproachfully. "I knew it."

"Ain't I always?" asked Spangler.

"Yes, but this evening you might have been late. We thought surely you'd be late with all your passengers. We were trimming a tree, and I could have stayed to supper."

"Is that what ails you?" said Spangler. "Well, I tell you. I'm going to make another trip, and I can take you down then."

Esther clapped her hands.

"But what will my mother say?"

"I'll fix it with her," said Spangler, easily. "I'll stop and tell her."

"Oh, goody!" cried Esther, and was gone, across a dark space into the broad streak of light from the store window. Spangler heard a cry of delight, then the door opened and closed.

It was not until the trolley had come in and the passengers had been transferred and Spangler was approaching the Filson house that he began to feel that he had made a mistake. Mrs. Filson might have other plans for Esther. It was now a little after six; he would reach Summit Hill again and pick Esther up at nine. After all, that was not late!

Mrs. Filson and her husband were both at the road. Mrs. Filson gave a little cry when Esther did not spring down, but her husband laughed at her uneasiness.

"It's all right. She'll have a good time, and you can finish your presents without sitting up all night. She'll be home now for a whole week." He waved Spangler on. "We'll be watching for you."

In Plympton Spangler found the five disappointed passengers also. The recol-

lection of Mrs. Filson's distress still worried him, and he put on all possible power for the return journey to Summit Hill. He saw again the dim bulk of Mrs. Hedge's house and the lamp of Mrs. Graybill. In Worleysburg he was left alone. He blew his horn loudly as he passed the Filsons' and again as he passed the dark opening of the back road.

At Summit Hill Esther ran forward out of the darkness and the storekeeper's wife stood in the doorway until Spangler shouted, "All right." Esther clambered up beside him, a basket in her hand.

"I have popcorn and candy and a present. I can't wait till I see my mother! Do you suppose Santa Claus will bring me anything?"

Spangler turned in his seat and looked down at the little figure. He had heaped up a pile of blankets to serve as a footstool, and he was determined to have no one else share his seat. He could hear the distant rumble of the trolley car over the rough roadbed.

"Doesn't he always come to your house?" he asked. "He always does to mine."

"I hadn't any house till this year," said Esther.

"Why, what did you live in?" asked Spangler, jocosely.

"Well, it was part of a house," explained Esther. "It was a cellar."

"A cellar!" repeated Spangler.

"Yes," said Esther. "I made flowers. My name wasn't Esther Filson; it was Maria Rapallo."

"Didn't you go to school?" asked Spangler, amazed. He was destined to be still further astonished.

"No, indeed! I worked," said Esther. "From morning till night. A man used to whip me. I have marks on me."

"Oh, I guess not!"

"But I have," insisted Esther. "But now he can't find me. He's in jail."

"I should hope so!" said Spangler. The color came back to his ruddy cheeks. The child was romancing, as children did. He looked down at her as the brilliant light of the trolley car, advancing round the bend, illuminated her face. Her impossible story made him uneasy—she had always seemed like a straightforward, honest little child. Now she looked strange, with her round eyes and her rich complexion and her swift-moving tongue.

His eyes were still fixed upon her when the trolley car stopped. He stepped down, prepared to show the passengers places in the omnibus. To his astonishment there were only two—one a woman with a basket who departed in the direction of the little settlement, the other a strange man whom the conductor was directing. The college boys, after the habit of their kind, had not kept their word. As he stepped out to guide this single passenger to a place, he glanced down at his companion. Her eyes were no longer soft, they were

bright and hard. Her mouth was fixed in an open grimace, like the mouths of tragic masks—a dreadful enough expression for an adult, but hideous on the face of this little girl. Following the direction of her gaze, he saw that it rested on this single passenger, a short, heavy man standing directly in the glare of the headlight. The motorman, pausing in the act of reversing the trolley, pointed him to the Plympton bus.

"I said he'd make an extra trip, and there he is. He can tell you everything about this neighborhood."

Spangler looked from Esther to the stranger and back to Esther.

"What's the matter?"

In answer Esther slid off the seat and down upon the pile of robes.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh! oh! oh!"

Spangler leaned into the car and took her arm in a firm grasp.

"What's the matter?" he repeated, sharply. "Are you afraid of this man?"

"He will take me back," cried Esther.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!"

"Lay still," he commanded, fiercely.

"Whatever happens, lay still. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," said little Esther.

The stranger was already at the car.

"Well, sir," said Spangler. "Where are you bound for?" His tone was truculent and his thoughts terrified and confused. He was often called upon to meet small emergencies, both mechanical and human, but no situation had ever confronted him as serious as this.

The stranger answered in a voice which was hard and which had inflections strange to Spangler's ears.

"I'm bound for Plympton."

"To-night?" said Spangler.

"Yes, to-night."

"Then step up back there," directed Spangler. He motioned the stranger in and closed the curtains; then he mounted carefully to his own place, dreading to feel some part of a little body under his foot. He started the engine and turned the great machine toward Plympton.

"I want to talk to you," said the stranger. "They say you know everybody on this road. I'll come in front with you."

"No, you won't," objected Spangler, promptly. "The oil can spilled on this seat."

"Then I'll stay here," agreed the stranger, pleasantly enough. "Now I'll tell you my business. My name is Rapallo."

"A new name to me," said Spangler, quickly. Spangler was a good man, but he believed, without analyzing his convictions, that there was at times a higher duty than truth. "I never heard that name. It ain't common in this part of the country. We have Rapps, though, and Rapples."

"You never heard of Maria Rapallo?"

"Never," said Spangler, promptly. "I never heard of Mareea Anybody." He felt something creeping round his foot—

it was the hand of little Esther Filson. It reminded him that in ten minutes, if he kept up his present speed, he would arrive at the back road, in fifteen at the Filsons' gate, and there would be Mr. and Mrs. Filson with a lantern, waiting for Esther. He seemed to hear the stranger cry, "Aha!" He slowed down.

The stranger leaned forward, his folded arms on the back of Spangler's seat.

"She's here somewhere," he said, doggedly. "I've traced her this far. I'll find her if I have to stop at every house. To-morrow I'm going to get a car and go along the road. She's my child, and she was stolen away from me. She'll never get away again!"

The back road yawned to the left. Another moment and the Filsons' lantern could be seen at the bottom of a long grade. Spangler turned into the back road, the omnibus objecting as though it had been directed into a plowed field. He did not know what he would do eventually, but this seemed to be the thing to do now. It was an enchanting road in springtime. Columbine grew thickly in all the sunny openings and crow's-foot violets lifted their violet petals, and there were great masses of dogwood and Judas-tree and wild crab-apple. Occasionally one caught a glimpse of the lowlands far away. But now all was shrouded in impenetrable darkness.

Spangler reached down and patted the little hand, which gave him an icy response. It was maddening to have to think of Esther and the Filsons and Rapallo and the abominable road all at once.

"What makes you think she's here?" he asked.

"I heard it in a roundabout way," answered Rapallo. He began to pound on the back of Spangler's seat. "I'll find her! I'll find her!"

Again the little hand grasped Spangler's ankle. Its touch seemed to set in motion the machinery of his partly paralyzed brain. He must not only keep this villain away from the Filsons; he must get rid of him altogether. He shuddered at the thought of what would have happened if Rapallo had seen Esther or had questioned some one who was smart enough to put two and two together, but not smart enough to conceal the result.

"I tell you what you do," he said. "There ain't many houses on this road. You give me a quarter extra and you can stop to-night."

"Have you got children?" asked Rapallo.

"Yes," said Spangler. "Three."

"And they're yours, I'll bet, body and soul!" said Rapallo, fiercely. He began to pour into Spangler's ears a stream of oaths, interrupted in a moment by a jerk of the car. "Why, this is an awful road!"

"It's not very good," agreed Spangler.

The stranger bent his head to look out

through the wind-shield. His elevated position prevented him from having a good view.

"We're in the midst of trees and rocks!" he cried, astonished.

"Yes," said Spangler. "We're on a mountain."

Rapallo looked out again.

"Are there any wild animals?"

A faint twinkle came into Spangler's distressed eyes.

"Not as many as there was once," he answered. "There's about a thousand hunters in these woods every fall, and they get a good many." Spangler was at this moment not offending against truth, astonishing as his statement was. The forest was part of a State game reservation on which there were many deer.

"Did any wild animals ever attack you?" asked Rapallo, hoarsely.

"Oh, they wouldn't attack a moving car!" said Spangler. He spoke jerkily. Between his thoughts of the frightened Filsons waiting for the bus, which in a dozen years had never failed to appear, and his effort to avoid the hollows and hillocks, it was all he could do to keep the car in the road.

"This is awful!" said Rapallo, clinging with both hands to the back of the seat. Spangler did not seem to hear. Suddenly he stopped his car. There were three houses in all the extent of the back road—he was now at the first.

"Here's a house," he said. "You can get out and ask."

"You know them—you ask," said Rapallo, panting a little.

"No, indeed," said Spangler. "This is your business. I wouldn't know what to tell 'em."

Rapallo clambered down and went toward the dim front of a small house. It was a long time before any one answered his loud rapping. Spangler bent low.

"Make yourself comfortable," he whispered. "Stretch out across the car."

The little hand felt for his.

"Oh, hide me! Hide me!"

"I will," he promised. "Only lay still. Mum's the word. No matter what happens, mum's the word."

At last an upper window opened and a man put his head out, cursing. Spangler knew him; he was one who kept, as the county said, one step ahead of the law.

"Is Maria Rapallo here?" asked the stranger.

There issued a still more dreadful stream of cursing and vile insinuations, and the window was slammed down.

"They wouldn't take a child to raise," said Spangler. "Only kind people would do that."

"Well, take me to kind people then."

Spangler started his engine. He heard a little pop, the unmistakable rejoicing of a cork at its release. He frowned—it would be well to have the business over before the stranger got drunk. The car racked along, the stranger punc-

tuated his remarks on Spangler's back, little Esther clutched an ankle. Two miles farther on, he bade the stranger get down once more. Here his pounding and calling were not answered.

"Perhaps they have moved away," suggested Spangler.

Climbing back, the stranger began to complain.

"She earned five dollars a week for me. I'll bet she's earning more now."

Spangler had decided that the less one said the better, but this he could not let pass.

"You had her working for you?" he asked in an even tone.

"Of course. What else does one bring them into the world for? Don't yours work?"

"They're a little young yet."

"Start 'em young," advised Rapallo.

Spangler gave all his thoughts to managing the car on the steep descent and to considering what his move should be when he reached the plain. The loneliness and darkness depressed Rapallo still more and the motion of the car made him uncomfortable. He took out his bottle and tipped it high.

"Where are you takin' me?" he asked with a snarl.

"Down to Plympton," answered Spangler, coolly. "But I can tell you, you'll waste your time there. I live there, and there ain't such a thing as an adopted child in town. Now here's a house, but there's no use stopping. Only an old woman and her grandson live there. I brought her out from town this afternoon. You'll waste your time."

Again the stranger drank from his bottle. The car was now running on the level, and in a moment they came upon the main road in front of Mrs. Hedge's house. Spangler was now at his wits' end. If he carried his passenger to Plympton, he would certainly learn that he had been tricked.

"Here's a place," he said, in desperation. "Ask here." He did not believe that Mrs. Hedge would answer, and he was certain that she would not be alarmed.

Rapallo staggered in the dim walk and thumped on Mrs. Hedge's door. He shouted, "Is Maria Rapallo here?" over and over and thumped again. When no one answered, he began to kick the door. Hysterical with amusement and distress, Spangler was about to call him off when the door opened and Mrs. Hedge appeared. She stood plainly outlined against a bright interior, her great height and breadth exaggerated. In her hand was a firearm. Spangler knew it for an ancient and innocuous pistol, but Rapallo did not. He backed off the porch. Falling, he picked himself up and fell again.

"Away with you!" shouted Mrs. Hedge, pursuing him. "Out of this! Begone!" She came almost to the gate, still calling. "Clear out! Begone!" She stood still, peering into the darkness, but apparently not recognizing the ancient vehicle.

Rapallo leaped, missed the step, and climbed in on his hands and knees. Spangler turned and faced him.

"Now what do you want to do?"

"I'm going back to Fort Edward and then New York," Rapallo panted. It was rather a rash declaration on the Summit Hill road at 10:30 at night.

"All right," said Spangler, cheerfully. "I'll take you to Fort Edward." His offer was even more wild than Rapallo's determination. The trolley had made its last trip, and Fort Edward was ten miles beyond Summit Hill. Moreover, he would not dare to take the main road, but would have to climb the steep, rough ascent down which he had crept. But he turned and reached down and touched the little hand. A fresher air blew suddenly between the curtains, and he knew that a west wind had risen and it would be clear before morning. He thought again of Christmas trees and the children's happiness.

"Could you defend us if wild beasts did attack us?" asked Rapallo.

"Oh, they won't attack us," answered Spangler. He pitied the man, desperately wicked as he held him to be.

"I'm coming in front with you," said Rapallo. "I don't care for oil or grease."

"No, you're not," said Spangler. He could feel little Esther shake from head to foot with long tremors. "You're going to stay right where you are. No climbing about on this road."

Rapallo began to talk incoherently about his child and his foolishness. They had tricked him in sending him out here to the wilderness. Never again would he venture into the mountains. He talked of bears and tigers and even elephants. He seemed to fancy that he had been pursued by a tiger, and he muttered of teeth and claws. Presently he laid his head on Spangler's back and wept.

It was long after midnight when Summit Hill was passed, and two o'clock when the lumbering bus drew up at Fort Edward station. To Spangler's great joy the station was illuminated—that meant that the New York train was expected soon. He got out with Rapallo and, waiting, saw him on it, lingering till the steps were drawn up and the door closed. Even then he could not go, but watched the red light out of sight beyond the curve. Then he ran back to the omnibus. Little Esther was asleep; he stepped over her carefully. He spoke to her, but she answered only with a little moan. He put on all the speed he could, waking town and country as he flew.

At half-past two he passed Summit Hill. Usually he saw it twice a day—this day he had seen it five times. He coasted down the hill. When he had passed the entrance to the back road, he began to blow his horn furiously. It was not a very loud horn, but he could produce on it a peculiar, shrill squeak. He could see long before they reached the Filsons' that the house was lighted and that some one moved about the yard

with a lantern. The lantern became suddenly motionless, then moved swiftly toward the road, and the house door opened and remained open. He believed that he heard some one crying.

But when he stepped stiffly down there was at first no sound. The young people stood close together, Filson's arm round his wife. Spangler meant to say, facetiously, "Well, did you think I'd kidnapped her?" but he could only reach into the car and lift Esther out.

"What has happened to her?" asked Mrs. Filson. She did not come forward; she spoke as though she were smitten to the heart.

Spangler found Esther heavy, and he sat down on the running-board.

"Wake up, here," he said. "Wake up! You're home, Esther. Here's your mother and your father!"

Filson lifted the lantern and let the bright rays fall on Esther's face. Her eyes opened, but she did not seem to see. She put her arms round Spangler's neck and clung to him.

"He's gone," said Spangler. "Listen, Esther, he's gone."

"Who is gone?" said Mrs. Filson.

"She had a scare," explained Spangler. "A man named Rapallo came hunting her. She's been hidden in the car while we fooled him. He's gone."

Esther opened her eyes and looked about, and Spangler lifted her into Filson's arms.

"Oh, mother!" she called. "Mother! Mother!"

Spangler put one foot on the running-board and pushed back the curtain.

"I'll tell you about it to-morrow," he promised. "I'll tell you everything. Now, good-night."

"Oh, are you sure he's gone?" cried Mrs. Filson.

"Sure," said Spangler. "Positively certain. Now good-night—why, it's Merry Christmas!"

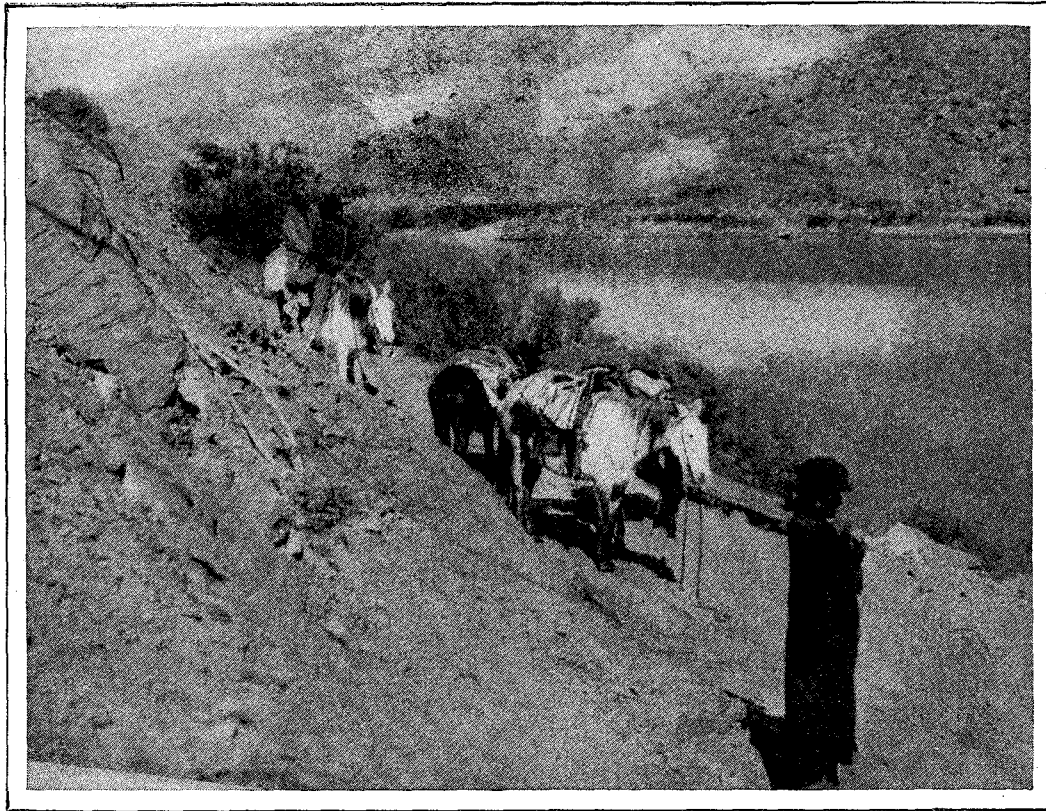
"Yes," said Mrs. Filson, crying. "It will be a merry Christmas."

Spangler coasted on down the hill. Sometimes he sang. At Mrs. Hedge's house he blew his horn furiously and said, "God bless you, old lady, for the good you done!" On the last hill he stopped the car and put his round head out between the curtains. The sky was wholly clear. The moon in its last quarter rode high in the south. Beside it and near by were three great planets which seemed to glow more brightly than the moon. The color of the sky, he noted, was a dark velvet green. He was a pious soul, and he wished suddenly that he could have been one of the shepherds and heard the angels sing. Then his mind came back to the present, to Mrs. Spangler trying not to be anxious, to the sleeping children, and to his own weary frame. He sighed in pleasant anticipation of rest. Then he remembered his wish, and he nodded his head with satisfaction.

"I did give a pretty big present, after all," he said, as he roared and rumbled and rocked toward Plympton.

OUT OF THE PAST

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



NAVAHO INDIAN TRADERS WAITING TO BE FERRIED ACROSS COLORADO RIVER AT LEES FERRY ON THEIR WAY TO UTAH TOWNS, SEVENTY-FIVE TO A HUNDRED OR MORE MILES AWAY, TO TRADE BLANKETS FOR HORSES



THIS HERD OF ABOUT SEVENTY BUFFALO STILL ENJOY THE FREEDOM OF THE OPEN RANGE IN THE HOUSEROCK VALLEY, IN THAT SECTION OF ARIZONA LOCALLY KNOWN AS "THE NORTH STRIP." THIS IS ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING HERDS ON OPEN RANGE IN THE UNITED STATES

From Roger C. Rice, U. S. Geological Survey, Tucson, Arizona

THE BOOK TABLE

TWO GENERATIONS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS¹

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

WHETHER shall hereafter undertake the "History of Publishing in the United States" will find abundant material garnered for his use. The house of Harper and the sons of Putnam have celebrated themselves; and there are biographies of half a dozen or half a score of other publishers. For one publishing house, and not least eminent, the records are almost superabundant. This is the firm which was once Ticknor, Reed & Fields—although I think that this was not the style of the original firm. It became successively Ticknor & Fields; Fields, Osgood & Co.; James R. Osgood & Co.; and Houghton, Osgood & Co.; changing its name to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. when Osgood withdrew to set up for himself once more as James R. Osgood & Co. And when Osgood gave up to join the Harpers he was succeeded by Ticknor & Co., a new firm started by his former partner, Benjamin H. Ticknor, son of the senior member of Ticknor & Fields.

James T. Fields wrote "Yesterdays with Authors," and his widow wrote "Authors and Friends," besides a memorial of her husband. And now Mr. Howe has extracted from Mrs. Fields's journal the matter for the first of the two volumes I am to review. Miss Caroline Ticknor, daughter of the senior partner of Ticknor & Co. and granddaughter of the senior partner of Ticknor & Fields, after writing "Hawthorne and His Publisher," has now given us "Glimpses of Authors." What we are still waiting for is the publication of the reminiscences of James R. Osgood. They exist, or at least they did exist; and they were in the possession of the widow of Anthony, the engraver. Are they still extant? Where are they? And why are they not in print? If ever they are published, I think that they will be what Horace Greeley called "mighty interesting reading." If Osgood wrote as freely as he talked, there will be a portrait of Charles Dickens not so flattering as those which have been painted by Mrs. Fields and by Miss Ticknor.

The sister volumes of these two ladies take us once again into the society of Emerson and Thoreau, Hawthorne and Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes and Whittier; and they give us glimpses of the immediately succeeding generation, which has in its turn passed out of sight—Mark Twain and Bret Harte, Howells and Henry James, Aldrich and Stedman, Eugene Field and Joel Chandler Harris. Of at least half of the fifteen whose names I have set down on these two lists



Courtesy Atlantic Monthly Press
MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

the popularity has waned and the reputation has shrunk. Of only three or four can it be said that their fame is unfaded because it is unfading. Of three or four others the eclipse which we may not deny is pretty certain to be as brief as eclipses usually are.

The members of the older and greater group were more friendly with one another than those of the younger and less notable group; and in these two volumes we can again observe the amenities of authors and we can see why it was that envious New Yorkers called the men of Boston and Cambridge and Concord a "Mutual Admiration Society." But why should not Thoreau and Lowell admire Emerson? Why should not Hawthorne admire his classmate Longfellow and Longfellow admire his classmate Hawthorne? Why should not Holmes and Lowell, even though they did interrupt one another at the Saturday Club, have a high regard the one for the other? Their very intimacy made this inevitable; and it supplied their appreciation with solid foundations.

But, mutual admiration society as it might be, there was almost as little log-rolling as there was backbiting, and, so far as we can judge, there was no backbiting at all, no envy, no hatred, and no malice. They dwelt together in unity and in amity, with only now and again a casual fling at one or another of the outsiders—a fling cursory but not damnatory. It was a pleasant circle, and they were fortunate who were admitted within its magic ring. There is now no such group anywhere in these States. Boston is no longer the literary center that once it was; and New York is in

no better case. It must be all of thirty years since Tom Aldrich remarked that whenever a Boston author died New York immediately became a literary center. To-day that arrow would have no barb. If he were alive to-day, he might modify his epigram and say that whenever an author died either in Boston or New York Indianapolis immediately became a literary center.

Mr. Howe demands hearty commendation for his discretion, his taste, and his tact. He has selected judiciously; and with delicate self-effacement he has permitted Mrs. Fields to speak for herself; and hers is a low and gentle voice, as is becoming in a gentlewoman. She records her adventures in friendship and her admirations. She paints portraits with a caressingly feminine touch, but with no sentimentality. She looks on the bright side, and perhaps she saw no other—perhaps there was no other, for it was a blameless society in which she lived and hers was an age of innocence. So it is that her friends—our friends also, and the friends of all who love American literature and who cherish the inheritance of the forefathers—are set before us as they were in her eyes, doing their work honestly, enjoying life, enjoying their own fame, telling stories, cracking jokes, and having a good time generally. It is a cheerful book that Mr. Howe has given us; it is what Thackeray—it was Thackeray, wasn't it?—called a bedside book, as welcome in convalescence as in health.

In two preliminary chapters Mr. Howe tells us (who did not have the pleasant privilege of knowing her) about Mrs. Fields herself, about the houses in which she lived with their many literary and artistic treasures and mementoes, and about her gracious hospitality. For years Mrs. Fields was a near neighbor of Dr. Holmes; and to him the third chapter is devoted, with abundant quotations from the pages of the journal in which his sayings and his doings were recorded. Although I cannot say that I knew Dr. Holmes personally, I saw him twice—once when he came to New York to read his paper on Emerson before the Nineteenth Century Club and once again in London, during his "Hundred Days in Europe," when he was the guest of honor at a dinner of the short-lived Rabelais Club, founded by Charles Godfrey Leland and Walter Besant. And the chapter which Mr. Howe devotes to him confirms the fading image that lingers in my memory.

The fourth chapter deals with "Concord and Cambridge Visitors," and the fifth with Charles Dickens, who appears in these pages a far pleasanter personality than in the authorized biography by John Forster, that "arbitrary cove." Through Dickens the Fields came to know Charles Fechter; and the sixth chapter introduces us to "Stage Folk and Others," a chapter in which Fechter ap-

¹Memories of a Hostess: A Chronicle of Eminent Friendships. Drawn Chiefly from the Diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. \$4.
Glimpses of Authors. By Caroline Ticknor. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.50.

pears to better advantage than he did to me when I came to know him (slightly) in his declining and dissipated years. In this chapter we meet also that fine old Boston gentleman William Warren, with his cousin Joseph Jefferson and with Edwin Booth. There were giants in those days; and Mrs. Fields has limned them in their habits as they lived. The final chapter of the book is given up to Sarah Orne Jewett, whose firm yet delicate etchings of New England character deserve to be better known than they are to-day. Rip Van Winkle might well ask, "Are we, then, so soon forgot?"

As I read Mr. Howe's volume I marked passage after passage for quotation—the account of Mark Twain in his own home at Hartford and his statement about the haphazard autobiography he was intending to write, that about Henry James in his own home at Rye, and a dozen more, all crying aloud for transcription in this review, if only space permitted. But I must find room for a word of praise for the illustrations, half a hundred of them—portraits, caricatures, views, and facsimiles of autograph letters, these last including part of Holmes's hitherto unprinted "Letter from the last man left by the Deluge of the year 1964 to the last woman left by the same."

Miss Ticknor's volume is also characteristically illustrated with portraits of the authoress herself and of the authors she celebrates and with facsimiles of autographs. And she also sings the praise of Dickens and of Dickens's family, whom she visited after his death. Her personal memories do not go as far back as do those of Mrs. Fields; and so it is that after chapters on Hawthorne and Longfellow and Whittier we are brought down to the more recent Mark Twain and "Uncle Remus," Howells and Henry James, Lafcadio Hearn and Eugene Field, E. C. Stedman and the Stodards. She quotes freely from the correspondence of these authors with her father, who was their publisher, either as an associate of Osgood or as the head of Ticknor & Co.

Her quotations—especially that from a letter of Henry James about his ill-fated novel, "The Bostonians"—are welcome; and it is to be hoped that the most important of the letters in her possession will some day be printed in full; they will be invaluable for the future biographers of this interesting and important group of American men of letters. The relation of the author with his publisher is always intimate and often cordial. Very rarely, indeed, has any American writer lost self-control and boiled over into abuse as "Gail Hamilton" did when she brought out a book to berate Osgood. Even more infrequent is it that an author writes a letter as cutting as that Robert Louis Stevenson sent to a New York house which had issued certain of his writings without his authority—a missive so incisive that it has never appeared in print.

Miss Ticknor does not limit herself to



MISS CAROLINE TICKNOR

the great lights of our literature; she has interesting facts to communicate about some whose torches burned brightly for a little space and are now

quenched—to Edward Bellamy, for one, author of the once famous and now forgotten "Looking Backward." I was glad to see that she gave half a score of pages to a rushlight long since blown out—to Edgar Fawcett, an ambitious bard of forty years ago, who had more aspiration than inspiration and who was the most sadly sensitive and suspicious creature I have ever met. He wrote poems and plays and novels—and where are the snows of yesteryear? He had ability of a kind, and perseverance, and a certain felicity of phrase; and yet all these qualities and his ambition availed him nothing.

In Miss Ticknor's volume, as in Mr. Howe's, I had marked many a passage for quotation. And one of them I must tack in here at the end. Miss Ticknor records her visit to Thackeray's daughter, and she tells us that Lady Ritchie had a high admiration for Howells and deplored his antagonism to her father's writings. "I should sometime like to say to him," she remarked, "Dear Mr. Howells, I feel sure that when you get to heaven you will change your views about him." Surely that was a pious wish; and we can only wonder whether it has now been fulfilled.

THE NEW BOOKS

POETRY

OLD ENGLISH POETRY. By J. Duncan Spaeth. The Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. \$2.

That body of autochthonous verse which existed in England between the periods of the Anglo-Saxon invasion and the Norman conquest is a closed book to many lovers of verse because of the language and spelling. The difficulties of archaic English, surmounted rather easily in the reading of Chaucer, are so great in Beowulf, Caedmon, Cynewulf, and such contemporary composition as to require the services of a specialist as interpreter. Professor Spaeth is both specialist and interpreter. He divides "Old English Poetry" into four sections, viz.: (1) epic poetry; (2) lyric poetry; (3) charms, riddles, and gnomic poetry; and (4) historic war poetry. While the field that he covers is extensive, he manages by judicious selection to give a fairly adequate idea of the charm and volume of the old alliterative verse. His translations, though scholarly, do not lift the old poetry to the authentic height where Tennyson placed "The Battle of Brunanburg," for instance; but his venture, such as it is, deserves commendation.

GARDEN OF THE WEST (THE). By Louise Driscoll. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

The faint flavor of a personality more animated by an urge to poetry than by the mastery of its expression is to be discovered in Louise Driscoll's "The Garden of the West." It is not to be inferred from this statement that she cannot turn a stanza well nor handle the proper number of feet in a line. These

things are well enough; she is always facile and often graceful. The trouble appears to be in rising properly to the occasion. There are moments when she almost reaches an authentic utterance, as in the poems called "October," "Harbury," and "Nausicaa." The last, rather neatly turned, is herewith quoted:

You will never be old!
The days and the years go by,
And centuries have rolled
Over the Phæacian sky.

But you are a girl and run,
Fresh bathed and warm and sweet,
After the flying ball
On little sandaled feet.

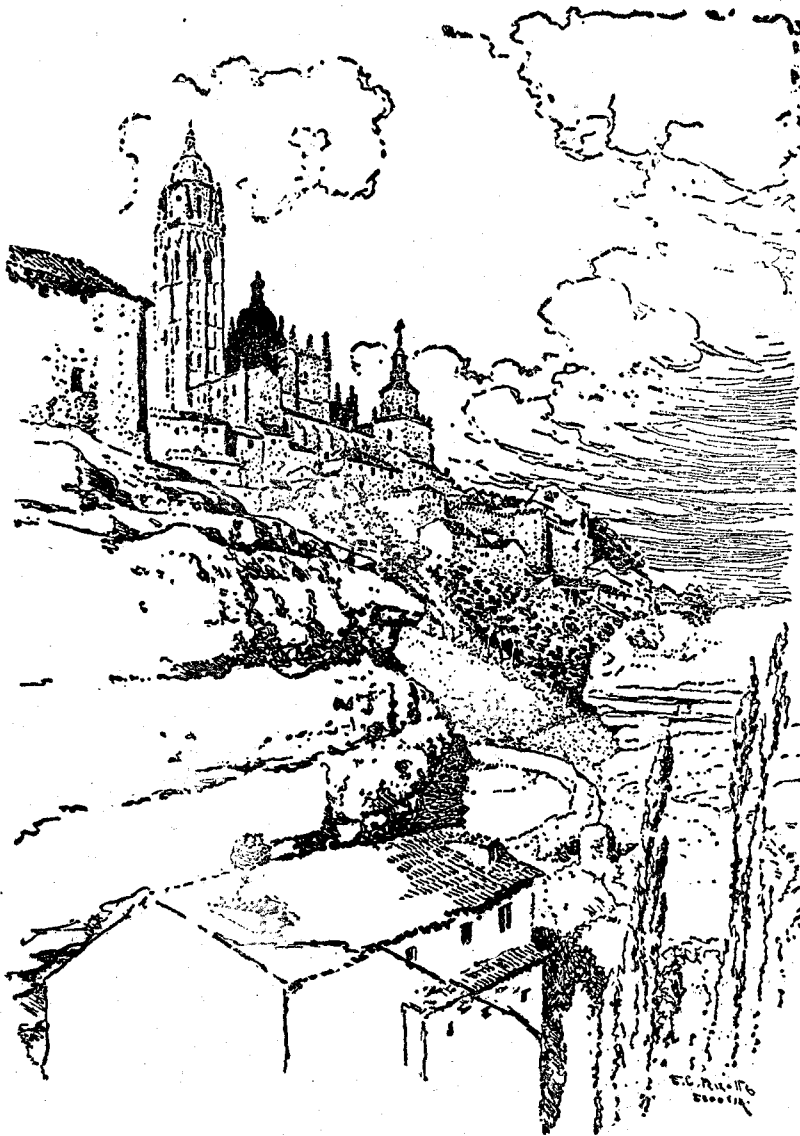
And with the Wanderer
We stand for audience,
Pleased with your gayety,
Charmed by your innocence.

The women we forget
Age and die quietly,
But you are a maiden yet,
Playing beside the sea.

POEMS OF HEROISM IN AMERICAN LIFE.

By J. R. Howard (editor). The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$1.75.

Mr. Howard's anthology is an extremely comprehensive collection of patriotic verse ranging all the way from poems on Columbus to poems incident to the Great War. They have been compiled in such a fashion as to afford the reader a chronological history of the United States, and one can but admire the industry and intelligence of selection that the compiler obviously brought to his task. While it was to be expected that a certain amount of stereotyped material would be included, it is pleasurable to observe that a variety and



Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

"THE CITY [SEGOVIA, SPAIN] PILES UP GRANDLY FROM THIS SIDE, TOO"

(A sketch by Ernest Peixotto, reproduced from "Through Spain and Portugal")

distinction has been attained by the inclusion of such surprises as Herman Melville's "The Surrender at Appomattox," Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Demos," and Alice Meynell's sonnet "In Honor of America." The anthology as a whole is one that may be dipped into with pleasure constantly, for it includes quite as many unexpected patriotic pieces of sound poetic value as it does old and time-honored poems.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ROADS OF ADVENTURE. By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$5.

Accustomed as Mr. Paine is to writing newspaper "stories," his biography reads like a novel. But his instinct for fact keeps him from fictionalizing even his greatest adventure—the presentation of a jeweled sword from an American admirer to General Gomez during the Cuban insurrection. The book will appeal to readers who like lively, conversational accounts of stirring adventures.

THROUGH SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. By Ernest Peixotto. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

A rare combination of skill with both pen and pencil enables Mr. Peixotto to

present in this volume an unusually interesting account of his travels. He tells in an easy, flowing narrative about his experiences in the two countries named in the title, and succeeds in putting into the story the atmosphere of Old World seclusion and far-away self-absorption that characterizes many of the scenes he depicts, while he does not neglect the themes that tie the past glories of the Peninsula to the more commercial aspects of the present day. The book is of the kind that stirs the reader to say, "Can't we manage a trip abroad next year?"

TRAMPING WITH A POET IN THE ROCKIES. By Stephen Graham. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

Stephen Graham is much better in describing himself and his reactions to other people than he is in describing another person and that person's reactions to life. "Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies" falls down, not so much for what is or isn't in it, but because of the way in which the material is handled. Mr. Graham apparently wrote in a deuce of a hurry; he did not stop to smooth out his style, but rushed the matter on to a daily newspaper in the form of let-

ters. The result is a book which, although it moves along in chronological order, does not hang together, is often imperfectly conceived and executed, and is frequently dull and inconsequential. This is regrettable, because it would be rather difficult to imagine a more admirable companion for a tramping trip through the Rockies to Canada than Vachel Lindsay. The affair should have culminated in an extraordinarily fascinating study of personality set against primitive life. But the Lindsay of Mr. Graham's book does not stand out, and this, it must be suspected, is the fault of the writer and not the companion.

It would be too much to say that the volume is entirely devoid of interest, for nothing in which Lindsay figures could be quite that. There are moments in the long trip that rise to a certain height of interest. Some of the anecdotes are amusing and some of the remarks of Lindsay, faithfully set down, suggest the flavor of that poet's work. But, after all, one can but wistfully surmise what would have been the result if Vachel Lindsay had written this book himself. At least we would have known Stephen Graham better.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

CHURCH STREET. By Jean Carter Cochran. Illustrated. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. \$1.50.

JIMMIE DALE AND THE PHANTOM CLUE. By Frank L. Packard. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.75.

KEY OF DREAMS (THE). By L. Adams Beck. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

TALES OF THE JAZZ AGE. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

HE WHO STEALS. By Alfredo Balocco. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

ISLANDS OF MAGIC (THE). By Elsie Spicer Eells. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$1.75.

MIGHTY MIKKO. By Parker Fillmore. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.25.

VEROTCHKA'S TALES. By Mamin Siberiak. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

ART IN INDUSTRY. By Charles R. Richards. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

DRAMA IN RELIGIOUS SERVICE. By Martha Candler. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. \$3.

THREE PLAYS. By Luigi Pirandello. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

THREE WONDER PLAYS. By Lady Gregory. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.

WINTER'S TALE (THE). Shakespeare. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$7.

BIOGRAPHY

DANTE AND HIS INFLUENCE. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

ENRICO CARUSO. By Pierre V. R. Key. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$5.

FORTY YEARS ON. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$4.

EDUCATIONAL

THOUGHTS OF YOUTH (THE). By Samuel S. Drury. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

W. J. HENDERSON, formerly on the staffs of the "Times" and "Sun," is now associated as musical critic with the New York "Herald." Besides his important and authoritative books on music Mr. Henderson has also written a volume of poems and some books for boys.

BRANDER MATTHEWS, lawyer, author, and bibliophile, was born in New Orleans in 1852. He was admitted to the bar in 1873, but soon turned to literature. Since 1892 he has been at Columbia University as Professor of Literature. He is one of the founders of the Authors and Players Clubs, a member of the French Legion of Honor, Chancellor of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and former President of the Modern Language Association of America. He is the author of numerous plays, essays, stories, and text-books.

THE page of poems comes from Bernice Lesbia Kenyon, who is assistant to the editor of "Scribner's" and a graduate of Wellesley College. A volume of Miss Kenyon's verse is to be published this spring by Charles Scribner's Sons, under the title "Songs of Unrest."

RICHARD BARRY, whose character sketch of Senator La Follette was published a week or so ago, now gives us another of his penetrating studies—an account of an interview with Senator Couzens which was made especially for The Outlook. Mr. Barry is at present on the staff of the New York "Times" Sunday Magazine.

ONE of our most faithful of contributors is Archibald Rutledge, a native of South Carolina, but now a resident of Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. Mr. Rutledge has often contributed articles to The Outlook on his experiences and observations as a hunter and lover of nature.

ELSIE SINGMASTER (Mrs. Harold Lewars) lives in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. She is a graduate of Radcliffe College and the author of three novels. She has contributed fiction not only to The Outlook, but also to the "Century," the "Atlantic Monthly," "Pictorial Review," and "Saturday Evening Post."

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Men's Teeth

Should also glisten.

Shall women take all the care?

A large percentage of the women you meet have white teeth nowadays. Men like the charm. They like the smiles that pretty teeth engender.

But don't you know that women also like such evidence of care?

Careful people the world over use a new teeth-cleaning method. It means whiter, safer, cleaner teeth. You owe yourself a test.

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The cause of dingy teeth is film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

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Troubles follow

Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germes breed by millions in it. And they cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

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Now people who are well-advised constantly combat that film. Dental science has found two ways. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it.

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AN ASSOCIATE'S REMINISCENCES OF LYMAN ABBOTT

AN incident which illustrates both Dr. Abbott's sympathy as a man and his alertness as an editor takes us back to the time when Dr. Abbott first became Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, then the "Christian Union." It was the day of small things for editors. No palatial buildings, no sanctums with oil paintings and Oriental rugs. The publishing offices of the "Christian Union" were then at 27 Park Place, under the management of J. B. Ford & Co. The paper was put in type on the top floor of the building in a roomy loft. This composing-room was partitioned off at one end as a storeroom. There was plenty of space in it, and a desk was placed by a window and Dr. Abbott was installed here in this *sanctum sanctorum*. I was then working in the composing-room as a two-third, and to my boyish vision Dr. Abbott was an extremely interesting figure. He was a spare, wiry man, wearing a black beard, and full of nervous energy. One afternoon a queer-looking mendicant, of the kind that pesters you with pencils and other things you do not want to buy, found his way up the four pairs of stairs (this was before the day of elevators) to the composing-room. He circulated around among the compositors, making his appeal in a queer, broken voice, for he seemed to have a cleft palate in addition to his other disabilities. He got small pickings from the printers, for those were the days of '76—1876—and times were hard. The compositors indeed, when they were "braced" for a dime on the street, were wont to retort, "Say, cully, I'm workin' this side of the street myself." The foreman, a stern, hard man, a veteran of the then recent Civil War, happened to be out at the moment, and the cripple opened the door into the sanctum and found Dr. Abbott there. I listened attentively, expecting the man to get as short shrift from the busy editor as he would have had from the hard-fisted foreman. Instead of this, he apparently had a pleasant reception, for I heard the queer voice going along at intervals for over half an hour. The man then came out smiling and apparently happy, and made his painful way down the long stairs. Later in the afternoon I got a "take" of copy from Dr. Abbott, which was the first sheet of a splendid editorial on Christian cheerfulness and resignation under the most grievous troubles. Dr. Abbott had listened attentively to the man's story, had found that he was in a way a hero who was supporting himself and an invalid sister in the only way that was open to him, had discerned the man's real sincerity and worth in a way that we printers could not fathom, and had got a grand lesson from the man's life to be published in the columns of the paper, for the edification and encouragement of a host of readers. I said that I had taken from the hook a "take" of Dr. Abbott's manuscript. This was long before the days of type-

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No spot offers more inducements for your winter vacation than Nassau. In this charming British colony tennis, golf, fishing and sailing are now at their best—a wonderful bathing beach, splendid duck and pigeon shooting. Less than three days from New York through the placid waters of the Gulf Stream. No passports required.



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THE OUTLOOK wants to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. We pay one dollar (\$1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.



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writers, and everything was written out in longhand. Now, Dr. Abbott's handwriting somehow looked like copperplate, but read—like Horace Greeley. It was a peculiar, fine hand, but to most of the printers was indecipherable. I early caught on to the peculiarities of this handwriting, and the other compositors, men much older than myself, got in the way of coming around to my frame and asking me to decipher words that stumped them. A man would say, "Moore, what are these words?" I might say, after glancing at the manuscript, "Why, that is 'the doctrine of Puritanism.'" The man would look relieved, and say, "Well, I was going to set it up 'the decline of Presbyterianism.'" So, not many years later, when there was need in the office of a proof-reader who could decipher Dr. Abbott's handwriting and that of the other editors, Mr. Lawson Valentine, the then publisher—a man of genius also, though of a different kind from that of Dr. Abbott—and the Editor-in-Chief picked me out as a likely candidate for the job. In installing me in my new position, Dr. Abbott gave me a little dissertation as to his ideas about my new work. "I don't care so much," he said, "for absolute typographical correctness. You will get most of those mistakes. But I do care," he said, "for absolute clearness of expression in our paper. So, when you come across any sentence in my writing or in that of any of the other editors or contributors which you do not understand, or which seems grammatically incorrect, please put a query against it. For everything that goes into this paper should be expressed with absolute clearness and smoothness, so that there may be no misunderstanding of it." Later, when I came to write myself for the paper, I found this interview an inspiration.

Bearing it in mind, I faithfully put in the queries wherever there was need for them. The result was that Dr. Abbott, whenever he came into the composing-room with a distinguished visitor, to show him the plant, usually stopped at my den and said to his guest, "Mr. So-and-So, if you ever read our paper, and find that it runs along pretty smoothly and clearly, you may thank our proof-readers, for they catch a lot of mistakes that we editors make." This was perhaps over-generous in its acknowledgment of favors done, but it was characteristic of Dr. Abbott in his attitude toward his subordinates to be over-generous. In this respect, and in every respect, he was a perfect gentleman of the old school.

Whenever I think of Dr. Abbott, my chief during these many long years, I associate him with three men, also products of the religious life of America—Ralph Waldo Emerson, the seer; Richard S. Storrs, a typical example of a scholar, dignified minister; Henry Ward Beecher, the fervent pulpit orator. Dr. Abbott shared in the great qualities of these men, but in some respects he was a man of broader views, of wider vision, of sounder judgment, than any of the men I have named.

HENRY HOYT MOORE.

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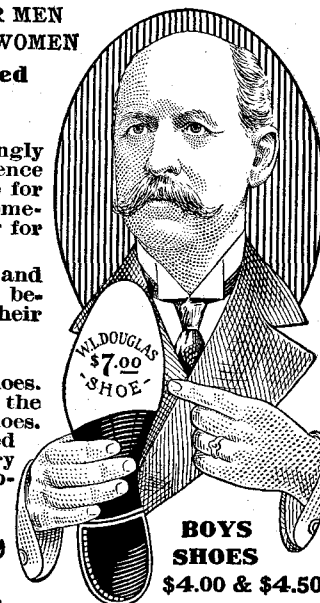
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Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

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White Star Line, specially chartered June 27, 1922, for our 20th Mediterranean and Europe Cruise, 61 days, \$500 and up, or 78 days with a week in Paris and 4 days in London, \$700 and up; New York, Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, (Alhambra), Gibraltar, Algiers, Athens, Constantinople, Palestine, Egypt, Naples, 4 days in Rome, Monte Carlo, Cherbourg (for Paris, London), Liverpool, New York.

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OUR TOURS include Rome, Switzerland, Netherlands, France and British Isles. Sailing June 27. Twelfth Season.

ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATH on the steamer for those enrolling early. HIGH GRADE TOURS at a very MODERATE PRICE. Write for an illustrated

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Send for new booklet, Europe 1923

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written by O. O. Heistand in collaboration with Charles J. Herr, published through Regan Printing House, Chicago, is a story of the growth of America. The author took a motor trip through the eastern part of the United States—Niagara, the Hudson, Boston, New York, and the Berkshires. He set down his impressions for others in such a fashion that it would be very easy for some one else to travel the same paths. There are numerous pictures and valuable itinerary. Price \$2. Orders should be sent to CHARLES J. HERR, Westcott Hotel, Richmond, Ind.

Lady, experienced in foreign travel recently returned from a year's visit in Europe, wishes to escort one or two ladies on similar trip, spring and summer. 8,389, Outlook.

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The Ideal Winter Resort PRINCESS HOTEL BERMUDA

Directly on the Harbor. Accommodates 400. Open Dec. 15 to May 1.

Grill room. Tiled swimming pool, golf, tennis, yachting, sea bathing, etc.

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Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. \$15-\$25 a week.

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300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

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HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

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A winter haven in Sunny Florida

Situated in a beautiful orange grove this new Inn with private cottages offers all the attractions of a southern winter home without its cares.

Modern in construction and tastefully furnished we cater to people of refinement, particularly families. Cottages adjoining the Inn may be rented in whole or in part with full hotel service.

Guests enjoy the use of the excellent Daytona golf links. Delightful motoring, fishing and bathing on the famous Ormonde-Daytona beach.

Special rates for prolonged stay. Opens December 15th. The ideal home for winter is

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FALL AND WINTER SEASON. Excellent table, reasonable rates. Hunting. 8,387, Outlook.

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Fine location for a sanitarium, school or colony. To any one wanting a most desirable property this estate offers a unique opportunity, being located on the east bank of the Hudson River, one mile river frontage, the locality being picturesque. Near the Artist Church estate, the excellent quality of the soil being all arable, its acquisition should prove a highly lucrative investment. 27 acres, two large modern residences, four cottages, store and post office on estate, large modern poultry plant, capacity 4,000, large barns, cold storage plant for the fruit, about 6,000 bearing fruit trees.

This place must be seen to be appreciated. Death of husband demands sacrifice.

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Robust, vigorous health can be purchased.

Thousands of energetic, revitalized permanent residents of Tucson, Arizona, testify to it.

The price of exuberant health for many hundreds has been a few months in the Sunshine-Climate.

Perhaps you, like thousands who will read this message, are struggling along, tired out, run down with "nerves," pulmonary troubles, etc., daily finding yourself outdistanced by stronger men and women.

If you are paying the price of health and not getting it, read every word of this invitation. It is a simple, straightforward word from those who have conquered ill health.

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Half-mile high Tucson, from October to May, is a city of sunshine, flowers, bright, warm days and dry, invigorating air. No snow. Little rain. No fogs, dust or wind. Winter mean monthly temperature never exceeds 72° or falls below 49°. Outdoor life is comfortable, delightful, stimulating.

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"Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate" tells of the glowing, tingling health that many have won and of the fascinating life where winter is springtime. Just mail the coupon.

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Please send me your free booklet, "Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate."

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BY THE WAY

CHARLIE CHAPLIN (he signs himself "Charles" in an article in "Collier's") says that one reason for his more recent popular success as a comedian was his decision to stop throwing custard pies. This statement, he adds, is not to be taken too literally. But, he concludes, "If I can sometimes stir the inaudible laughter of the mind and incite an audience to a whimsical contemplation of life itself—to a spirit of mockery in which there is no sting, since it is aimed at every one and everything, I would rather have it a thousand times than the guffaws which follow the usual funny gags which any one can do."

Under the title "Humor with a Gender," a writer in the "Atlantic Monthly" prints these anecdotes, which might have been sub-titled "The Old Ones Are the Best:"

"The English comedian, Foote, asked a man why he was always humming a certain tune. Being told, 'Because it haunts me,' Foote remarked, 'No wonder, when you're always murdering it.' One does not readily imagine a woman saying this," the writer observes, "or even making the milder though kindred response of Douglas Jerrold, when a friend announced that 'A certain air always carries me away.' 'Can no one whistle it?' asked Jerrold innocently."

At the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Merchants Association of New York on November 17 special invitations were

sent to businesses that had been in uninterrupted activity in the city for one hundred years or more. Twenty-five firms were found in that category—the largest number being banking houses; there were two grocers, a fur house, two newspapers, one bank note company, and one publishing house.

"In this week's issue (p. 535) you spoke of Dr. Farrington's poem 'Who Won the War?' as not being 'poetry,'" a New York City public school teacher writes. "Dr. Farrington did not intend it to be 'poetry,' but a cartoon of the war. I had my pupils learn this poem and they were very enthusiastic about it." From another section of the "Armistice Day Program" we give our readers a more serious effort of Dr. Farrington's muse:

1921, ENVOYS

'Cross chanting seas, the East and West's,
Come brilliant minds, their countries' hearts,
On shining ships, a nation's guests,
In rôle of men, and comrades' parts.
Calm statesmen, sage, with logic, fact,
Have hope and aim in only this:
A God-sworn bond of human pact—
The rust of arms in armistice.

Under the heading "A Coconut Columbus" a book called "The Adventures of a Grain of Dust" tells of South Sea island crabs that climb coconut trees to get the nuts. "And who has a better right?" says one of the crabs. "This tree," he might continue, "is the

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White Star Liner

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Returning March 28,

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Steamer—Cuisine—Service—the utmost yet offered.

14,000 miles—67 glorious days among the wonderlands of the Mediterranean.

Sixteen days in Egypt, Palestine, etc.

In addition, optional visit to London and Paris on the homeward trip; stop-over privileges with return by other famous White Star Liners, MAJESTIC, OLYMPIC, etc.

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Wanted To Rent Small house or tea room for summer of 1923, in New England States, on automobile road. References exchanged. 3,375, Outlook.

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For Sale—Registered Scotch Collies A few choice pups at reasonable prices. WILBERT W. MARTIN, Tiffin, O.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

KING George III silver cream jug, perfect condition, \$50. Few other antiques. Mrs. Channon, Vineland, N. J.

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SECRETARIES and social workers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston Office, Trinity Court, Fridays, 11 to 1. Address Providence.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

TEACHERS needed for January, February, and September, all departments of schools and colleges. Special terms. THE INTER-STATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

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PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

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Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Nursery governess or mother's helper, educated, Protestant, capable, good walker, age 35-40. Two children, ages 5 and 7 years; situation permanent. Highest personal references essential. Summit, N. J. Salary \$30. 3,122, Outlook.

WANTED—Nursery governess to assist with four children, ages 7, 5, 3 years, and 4 months. Refined, good health. State recommendations and salary desired. Mrs. T. S. Quinn, Lebanon, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

SOCIAL settlement worker, American Christian, ten years' experience, wishes an opening with a future. 3,119, Outlook.

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YOUNG man with a wide and varied experience in child welfare work, recently superintendent of an orphanage, desires executive or sub-executive position. Conversant in French, Italian, and German. Capable grade school teacher. Best of references. 3,033, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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WANTED, by woman of refinement, ability, and experience, position as manager of tea room or assistant manager, preferably in New York City, but willing to consider other places. Address 3,085, Outlook.

SECRETARY—Capable, experienced woman secretary to executive wishes change. Would consider any position of trust. 3,108, Outlook.

REFINED young lady desires position as private secretary. 3,113, Outlook.

POSITION as OFFICE ASSISTANT: SECRETARIAL BANKING, in COLLEGE, CONSERVATORY, UNIVERSITY, by LADY. 3,114, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG French lady of culture, ability, and exceptional character, experience as teacher in the best English schools, finishing governess in England and Italy, is open to engagement for the winter as traveling companion or teacher to young lady. Being at present in Rome, she is available immediately in Europe or will return to this country. Refer for further details to Mrs. R. G. Hazard, Dial House, Santa Barbara, Cal.

YOUNG lady, adaptable, fond of children, some hospital training, can teach basketry, etc., desires position. Excellent references. 3,089, Outlook.

WANTED, position—experienced, capable housekeeper. Aged or business couple or institution. 3,106, Outlook.

COMPANION to elderly lady or semi-invalid after January 1, 1923, by middle-aged trained nurse. No objections to country. References. 3,115, Outlook.

UNENCUMBERED middle-aged practical nurse, experienced housekeeper, will manage house and care for elderly or convalescent. 3,120, Outlook.

CULTURED gentlewoman as companion to elderly lady or semi-invalid. Will go South or California. 3,125, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNNESS wants position in kind American family. French; two and a half years' experience; good musician. References. 3,095, Outlook.

DOMESTIC science graduate, experienced, desires position teaching, companion, or executive position in tea room, school, or institution. 3,109, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

ENGLISHWOMAN desires position in private school. Fully certificated. Wide experience. Highest references. 3,123, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, experienced teacher, wishes position with family going South for the winter. B. M., Sound Beach, Conn.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

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BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 351 Fourth Ave., New York City.

PROFESSIONAL nurse owning luxurious home would like elderly couples or persons as guests or patients. Address 2,948, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

EXCELLENT private home and nursing for limited number tubercular patients. Special diets. Address 2,949, Outlook.

FOR adoption, or foster home, interesting boy 4½ years of age, American parentage and Protestant. Address 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

FOR adoption, girl of nine years, Protestant, American parents, mentally and physically normal. Address 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

GRADUATE nurse and physician will take into their home and care for small children. References exchanged. 3,112, Outlook.

LADY taking independent ten-week Mediterranean trip, sailing February, wishes protégé. Small fee. References exchanged. 3,116, Outlook.

IMPORTER, woman, sailing February, stopping Mediterranean ports and Holy Land, will execute other missions. Antique and gift shop buying my specialty. Credentials. 3,117, Outlook.



For Every Style of Writing

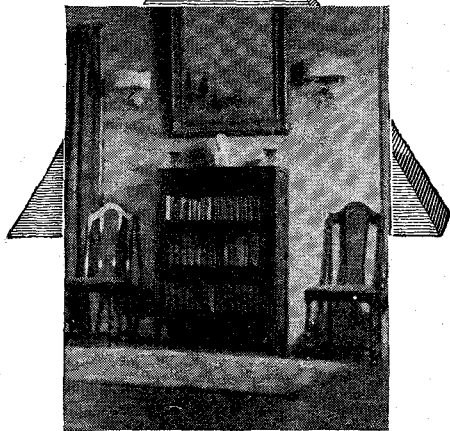
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Every person interested in Dog, Hunting, Fishing and Outdoor Sports will be sent a copy of SPORTSMAN'S DIGEST Free. Send name and address to Sportsman's Digest, 827D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

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Oh, those neglected books left to dust and unfriendly corners! In your home, your club, or school—Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcases serve faithfully. See how well they look! They are indeed decorative additions when properly placed. And they are "built to endure." The originators of the famous unit idea offer attractive, popularly-priced models for the Holidays. See them almost everywhere.

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Please send me without charge your booklet of Unusual Decorative Effects for Bookcases.

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Let us help

BY THE WAY—(Continued)

descendant of a nut that some of my ancestors sailed upon to this island; for a coconut, dropping into the water from a tree near some far shore, often carries on it the crab that had started to eat it. Then a current of the sea carries the nut and its passenger to some other island."

"Up to the eighth stein I am a republican," the Junker says, as reported by the Munich "Simplicissimus," "but after that I can't keep from saying what I think."

One day a big man watched an angler casting in a stream for some time, the London "Morning Post" says, and eventually inquired: "Had any luck?" "Yes," replied the fisher. "I took thirty-one trout out of here yesterday." "That's interesting," said the inquirer. "By the way, do you know who I am? I am the senior magistrate in this district, and this stream happens to be on my estate." "Ah! Do you know who I am?" responded the angler. "I am the champion liar in the district." This joke is just as good as when it was first told of an American game warden.

"Remember," said the serious friend, as reported by the Washington "Star," "your country is calling you." "I know that," replied Senator Sorghum; "but different parts of the country are calling me different things."

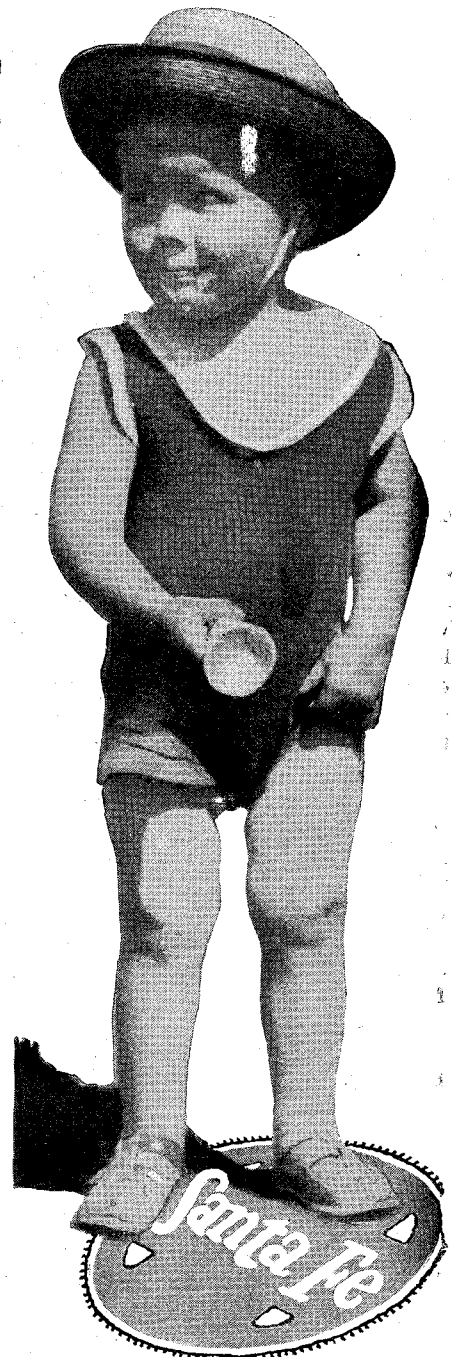
The following "infallible recipe to preserve children" is from the "Michigan Health Bulletin:"

"Take one large, grassy field, one-half dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook and some pebbles. Mix the children and dogs well together and put them in the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles. Sprinkle the field with flowers. Spread over all a deep, blue sky, and bake in the hot sun. When brown, remove and set away to cool in a bath-tub."

A son of William Dean Howells, John Mead Howells, recently won a \$50,000 prize in the Chicago "Tribune's" competition for plans for its new building to be erected at a cost of \$7,000,000. A native of Finland, Eliel Saarinen, won the second prize of \$20,000. The building will be of a tower-like character.



HIS FAVORITE READING—"BY THE WAY"
An original sketch by James R. H. Ford, Oberlin, Ohio



tell your daddy
to come on out to
California
this winter
and be sure to come
on the Santa Fe
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Mr. W. J. Black
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